

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 737, Vol. 28.

December 11, 1869.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

ROME AND THE COUNCIL.

THE decline of the Papal power within less than twenty years is indicated by the contrast between the indifference of Europe to the meeting of the General Council, and the excitement which was caused in England by the harmless formality of substituting territorial bishops for vicars-general. The celebrated Papal Aggression concerned the great majority of Englishmen as little as if it had been a change in the rules of the Marylebone Cricket Club or of the Order of Freemasons; but it was announced in a bombastic proclamation by a prelate conspicuous for bad taste, and the roar of the Roman lion, who even in the days of BUNYAN had become old and toothless, once more terrified or irritated the descendants of victims who had suffered from him in his prime. The Papal Aggression of the present day, not directed against invulnerable schism and heresy, but aimed at the heart of Catholic Christendom, is neither attractive nor formidable enough to obtain the adhesion, or provoke the opposition, of any State in the world. Even if Governments are indifferent, it seemed possible that the convocation of the Council might cause feelings of popular sympathy or alarm; but, except as a subject-matter for speculative criticism, either historical or theological, the Council interests only the Romish clergy, laymen of clerical tastes, and probably the great body of devout women. The new Papal Aggression is the most audacious step which the Holy See has ever taken in its long ascent to practical or theoretical despotism. It is well known that the Council will be urged to incorporate into history at least one notorious fable, to recognise an incredible and impossible dogma, and to reaffirm in the Syllabus nearly all the moral and political propositions which have been most unanimously condemned by the intellect and conscience of modern generations. More ambitious than the supergrammatical EMPEROR, PIUS IX. proposes, as the Bishop of ST. DAVID'S in his late Charge explains with his accustomed logical calmness, to perform the feat already attempted by the Council of Trent of placing himself *supra omnipotentiam*. It is not surprising that the hysterical exaggeration which imposes on minds of the order to which Archbishop MANNING belongs should terrify the thoughtful and learned divines of Germany and France; but the uneasiness which prevails within the Council or in its immediate purlieus is confined to those who are anxious for the welfare of the Church, and for the maintenance of the power of the hierarchy. If the POPE is not absolutely incapable of learning from visible facts, the neutrality of Catholic Governments will seem to him far more significant than the loudest protest which could have been uttered against the paradoxes of the Syllabus. There is no country, and perhaps there is no province and no parish, which cares whether in the opinion of the Council the POPE is or is not infallible, whether the Assumption is an authorized or unauthorized fiction, or whether it is, according to the opinion of the same body, the duty of the secular power to imprison, torture, and burn heretics condemned by ecclesiastical tribunals.

If the POPE had summoned the Council in the year 1850, when Cardinal WISEMAN published his unlucky rodomontades, the measure would have been earnestly supported or vigorously denounced by Spain, by Austria, and by all the Governments of Italy with the exception of Piedmont. Since that time the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has renounced the political control of Rome, and the orthodox princes of Spain and Italy are powerless in exile. As if to mark by the deposit of a past flood how far the power of Rome has receded, the POPE imprudently allows himself to be surrounded by the ex-Queen of SPAIN, the ex-King of NAPLES, and the dispossessed Dukes of MODENA, of PARMA, and of TUS-

CANY. It was unnecessary to advertise the ruin which has fallen on potentates who preferred their ecclesiastical allegiance to their temporal duty. An Austrian or French ambassador commissioned to watch and influence the deliberations of the Council would have borne more effective testimony to its importance than a gathering of such guests as CANDIDE met a century and a-half ago at the tavern at Venice. The apologists of Rome of course loudly congratulate themselves on the freedom from external control which results from the abstention of the Catholic Governments. The POPE probably persuades himself that he would have rejected the claim of earthly rulers to share in the supernatural functions of the Council; but if Popes and Councils still governed the world, the world would insist on at least knowing how it was to be governed. In former times Emperors and Kings paid Popes the compliment of oppressing them, of plundering them, or, according to circumstances, of cajoling them. The affectation of indifference and impartiality would have been as unintelligible to mediæval statesmen as contempt of the Imperial power in Russia, or of the House of Commons in England. If the adoption or rejection of the nonsense of the Syllabus were likely to cause political embarrassment, confidential agents would long since have been employed in remonstrating and intriguing with the prelates whose decisions might affect the practice of government and administration. The Congress and the State Assemblies of America are not supposed to recognise the ingenious negotiators who frequent their lobbies; but as long as they have carcasses to distribute, the vultures will gather together. From the disputations and decrees of the Council there is nothing to be got, or to be lost, except by the clergy. Only earnest and prudent Catholics even cultivate the hope that the Council may do the least possible harm to the Church by confining its utterances, in imitation of the Anglican Synod, to unobjectionable platitudes. To lookers-on it might seem that there could be only one adequate object for the assemblage of a General Council. The Catholics of the Latin communion form somewhat more than half of the population of Christendom, and before the close of the present century they will be largely outnumbered by the various sects of Protestants, added to the Greeks. To those who attach importance to the unity or uniformity of the Church, the compromise of religious or ecclesiastical dissensions might well have seemed of primary moment. The wisest and most liberal of Popes might probably have satisfied himself that such a reconciliation was impossible; but PIUS IX. began the preparations for the Council by insulting the Greek prelates, while he remained conventionally ignorant of the existence of bishops in England. Renouncing the attempt to augment the number of his spiritual subjects except by personal conversions, the POPE deprived himself of the chance of increasing his political weight.

If England, America, and Northern Germany were not worth reclaiming, the Italian successor of a long line of Italian Pontiffs might at least have taken steps to remove the alienation of Italy. Whenever PIUS IX. has been implored to recognise the actual condition of his country, and to assent to its unity and independence, he has always taken refuge in that convenient formula which seems to contain the only limit to Papal power. The POPE who added a new article to the Creed is professedly unable, even if he were willing, to renounce the provinces which are now included in the kingdom of Italy. From this disability also a General Council might relieve a too scrupulous Pope, but, as assignees often find in attempting to deal with the marriage-settlements of bankrupts, the right of surrendering material possessions is not highly prized. Many plausible arguments might be used in justification of a policy which restricts the Council to questions of doctrine and of clerical discipline, but in

abstaining from external matters the assembled prelates will have prevented themselves from exercising any influence on secular affairs. The Syllabus indeed involves extravagant claims to temporal power, but its propositions, even when they are affirmed by the Council, will remain as inoperative as if they had been promulgated in a magazine or at a debating society. When the Emperor of the French in his speech to the Legislative Body courteously hoped that the Council would do much good, he might be understood to express a sincere conviction that, beyond the sphere of the Church and of religion, it could do no possible harm. The injuries which the fanaticism and indiscretion of the present Pope may have inflicted on the Roman Catholic Church may indeed produce indirectly great political results. There is probably no risk of a formal secession; but the existence of profound differences among high ecclesiastical authorities has been unnecessarily revealed, and general attention has been once more called to the half-forgotten forgeries on which many of the claims of the Holy See are based. For all purposes of aggression or resistance the Roman Catholic Church is weaker than at the commencement of the reign of Pius IX.; and a portion of the loss must be attributed to his restless vanity. Weak men charged with the conduct of complicated institutions are prone to the foolish process which French writers sometimes call logic. A statesman takes care to ascertain the results of an argument before he reasons from assumptions which may possibly be unsound. Pius IX., finding himself in a certain sense infallible and all-powerful, has thought fit to convert an indefinite miracle into a formula, and he has summoned the Council to accredit his discovery. But for his imprudence, a vague belief in the powers of a Council, as well as in the prerogative of the Pope, might have survived for some years longer.

IRELAND.

THE rumour that there is a division of opinion in the Irish portion of the Government may be quite unfounded, but it well represents the divergence which may naturally show itself in the views of men otherwise thinking much alike as to what should be done to meet the present troubled state of affairs in Ireland. Whether measures of repression should be adopted, the Habeas Corpus Act suspended, and disarming Acts rigidly enforced, or whether England should continue to let things go on as they have been going on lately, and the Government should try to meet each emergency as it arises, is a most serious and difficult question. That the law must be upheld at any cost when a certain amount of danger and lawlessness prevails is beyond discussion; but it is hard to say whether the case for having recourse to extraordinary means has actually arisen. There is much obvious truth in the remark that the Tipperary election, which has provoked so much just indignation here, affords no reason for armed repression. The electors of Tipperary used a legal privilege in a legal manner for a very foolish and mischievous purpose. That is all, for even if intimidation to some extent prevailed, the records of Irish elections show that interference of some sort is more like the rule than the exception. At the same time, if it were necessary, in order to avert coming dangers, that action should be immediately taken, there are incidents in the daily history of Ireland which might warrant precautionary measures of a strong kind being adopted without delay. Certainly in no other country in Europe would the Government tolerate for a moment that disaffection should be openly advocated and stimulated in the press, and that thousands of able-bodied men should meet to drill for the avowed purpose of learning to organize themselves in readiness for a rebellion. There is also some reason to fear that, if a policy of leniency is pursued too long, there may come one of those crises of reaction which sometimes sweep over the English public, and make it blind with fear and rage, till it is ready for almost any cruelty. On the other hand, the beginning of strife is like the letting out of water, and, if blood were once shed, remedial measures might be unavailing to cure the hatred and distrust of England that would be engendered. It is a great pity to nullify the liberal policy which has been so deliberately adopted, and it would greatly impair the good effect of the concession which will be asked for next Session if at the same time a state of siege had to be proclaimed in the country for which we were professing to care with so much anxious benevolence. Fortunately, for the moment there seems a lull in disorder. The directors of the Fenian movement have issued to their followers the word of command not to give trouble just at present. They even direct

that the noble act of the people in Tipperary shall stand in its simple majesty alone, and they discountenance projects for returning LUBY and other convicts in the counties or boroughs where vacancies happen to exist. Possibly they foresee that the candidature of the great LUBY might not be so successful as that of ROSSA, and they represent that their adherents are not yet sufficiently organized to give them a chance in an open struggle against England. The Fenians are therefore recommended to keep quiet just now, and to spend their unwelcome leisure in meditating over the past of Ireland and the future of Europe.

Scarcely any one is denounced in Fenian literature with more bitterness and assiduity than Cardinal CULLEN. He is the representative of those priests who have the impertinence to discourage sedition, and who are invited by their seditious critics to retire within the sanctuary and leave the people to work the work that belongs to it. Possibly a good many of Cardinal CULLEN's subordinates are sound Fenians at heart, but they dare not disobey the positive orders of their ecclesiastical superiors, and the audacity and increasing prominence of the Fenians has probably made the priests generally more ready to support the Government than they used to be. Enthusiasts who believe in the gratitude of ecclesiastics towards heretics may think that the priests are bound to us by the recent memory of the Irish Church Bill. So too the tenants are undoubtedly hoping for a measure next Session very much to their taste, and are accordingly denounced by ardent patriots as recreants to their country. They will be inevitably disappointed to some extent, for many of them reckon confidently on holding their land for ever at the present rental. But still we may hope that a measure giving them all they can fairly ask will be passed, and as time goes on, and they feel the benefit of it, they may, we trust, become permanently attached to the Government. But nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose that extravagant or unwise measures ought to be passed simply because it is alleged that they will pacify Ireland. It is entirely hopeless to think of pacifying Ireland by yielding to every clique or section that clamours and howls for what it happens to fancy. The object of an Irish Land Bill is simply to do justice to Irish tenants. The pacification of Ireland is a remote and uncertain, though not improbable, consequence of such a Bill; but nothing more than is right should be given to tenants, or taken from landlords, in order that the Irish tenants may light a few bonfires and sing out glorifications of Mr. GLADSTONE. In the same way the priests must in their turn be dealt with on general and just principles, and not to buy their support. It is notorious that they are pressing the Government very hard to found a new Ultramontane University, without which, they say, they will never be content. This demand opens a very wide question, which goes far beyond Irish priests and their University, and it must be neither discussed nor decided on the ground that everything must be yielded to pacify Ireland. A statesman must consider each side of a question before he decides. When next week the proposed deputation from the Universities waits on Mr. GLADSTONE to ask him to make the removal of tests a Government measure, they may not improbably find him hesitating and even evasive, because he is aware that what they will ask is diametrically opposed to the theory of educational establishments embodied in the request of the priests for a University under their exclusive control. It is inevitable that when Mr. GLADSTONE is invited to think of Oxford and Cambridge he should also think of the Irish Catholic University; but then, when he is thinking of the Irish University, he should also think of Oxford and Cambridge, and not pledge himself to the extreme of denominationalism without taking into consideration how the English Universities will be affected. It would be a contemptible piece of time-serving folly, if by the constitution of a fatal precedent now, in order to what is called pacify Ireland and please the priests for a month or two, the future of Oxford and Cambridge were prejudiced.

A new element of Irish disorder has recently added itself to the many that already existed. Orangeism has split up into two sections, and what is known as Democratic Orangeism is becoming the bosom friend of Fenianism. The programme of this section of the Irish political world appears to be to hate Lord CAIRNS with their whole heart, and to hate Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, and Mr. DISRAELI with very nearly their whole heart, to cling to their Bible, and to promote the Repeal of the Union with a view of having a free fight with their Papist fellow-countrymen. Their representatives talk the tallest possible language. They are delighted with the

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election of ROSSA, and long to see LUBY returned. They do not wish to do anything particular at present, except to urge other people to elect convicts. But they intimate that they are hating England like poison, and ready some day to do somebody mischief. It must be owned that the Conservatives were quite right in their prophecies last Session. We have alienated our Protestant garrison in the north, we have inspired the lower orders with the belief that any concession may be wrung by sufficient violence, and we have filled the tenants certainly, and the priests possibly, with hopes that will not be fulfilled. In the long run all that we have done and are doing may bear fruit, and then it may be recognised even by Conservatives that no other policy could have succeeded. But at present we are feeling the bad consequences before there has been time for the good consequences to show themselves. The prophets of evil naturally crow a little, and we must allow them their right to do so. They are not at all likely to shake the faith of those who do not busy themselves with grand schemes of pacification and do not profess to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas, or according to the ideas which the noisiest Irishmen say are the real Irish ideas; but who simply take each proposed measure as it comes forward and ask whether it is just. That democratic Orangemen should take to mixing bits of green ribbon with their old yellow rosettes and give it to be understood that they are now all for Erin and independence cannot affect the opinions of those who simply thought that it was unjust to keep up an established religion as a mere symbol of conquest, and who now think that, if the tenant has customary rights, he should have those rights recognised by law. The Duke of ABERCORN has taken occasion to say at a party dinner that Ireland was much happier and better off when the Conservatives were in office and he was at the Castle. In one sense this was true. There was a sort of tranquillity secured by the exercise of exceptional powers and a great military force, and excitement was avoided by proposing nothing and living on from day to day. Even Conservatives, however, owned that this could not last, and that either some change of legislative policy must be attempted, or much more severe methods of repression be adopted. The Liberals came into office and chose the former course, and to Liberals no other course was open; but they chose it at the cost of the serious but, we trust, temporary evils through which Ireland is now passing.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

GENERAL GRANT probably represents with entire accuracy both the condition and the popular opinion of his countrymen when he virtually describes them as extremely prosperous, as wholly indifferent to the rules of political economy, and as obstinately unjust. The reports which attributed to the President unfriendly feelings to England appear to have been perfectly correct. The extravagances which had been repudiated by the soundest lawyers and statesmen in America, when they were propounded by Mr. SUMNER, are almost literally reproduced in the President's Message. It is alleged that the provisions of the treaty which the Senate rejected were wholly inadequate to a settlement of the great wrongs which had been sustained by the Government of the United States, as well as by the citizens. Yet the treaty was in fact dictated by the American SECRETARY OF STATE, whose management of the controversy had from first to last been almost unanimously approved by his fellow-citizens. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, when his appointment was exceptionally confirmed by a Senate bitterly hostile to the President who appointed him, was, with the knowledge and approval of all parties, expressly commissioned to obtain a treaty which should embody all Mr. SEWARD's demands. Notwithstanding his errors in judgment, Mr. JOHNSON was one of the most subtle and unyielding of diplomatists, and in Lord CLARENDON and Lord STANLEY he had to deal with statesmen who were only anxious to make every concession which could be reconciled with the national honour. Mr. SUMNER himself, who as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations might be supposed to represent the opinion of the Senate, had, with full knowledge of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's instructions, earnestly recommended him to the confidence of his own friends and correspondents in England. The treaty was finally framed in exact accordance with the proposals of Mr. SEWARD; and, but for a change in the internal politics of the United States, it would have probably been regarded as entirely satisfactory. The constitutional power of the Senate to reject it was of course well known; but no nation or government

has a moral right in the midst of a negotiation, without any new provocation, to abandon its ground of contention, and to bring forward additional demands. Mr. SUMNER only attributed to the people of the United States a want of self-respect when he blamed the English Government for giving credence to an American envoy who was not in favour with the dominant party. Every State consults its own dignity by assuming a continuous responsibility for the acts of those who from time to time may have discharged official functions. It is not the business of foreigners to inquire whether General GRANT agrees with Mr. JOHNSON, or Mr. HAMILTON FISH with Mr. SEWARD.

The only wrong to which General GRANT can refer, as having been committed by England against the American Government, must be the recognition of belligerent rights. The damage inflicted on shipping by the *Alabama* would have been subjected, under the treaty, to arbitration; nor could alleged negligence in allowing a Confederate cruiser to escape be considered under any circumstances a public offence offered to the Government of the United States. The complaint that not a word was found in the treaty to remove the sense of the unfriendliness of the course of Great Britain confirms the interpretation of the general phrase from which the Message deduces a claim for compensation which may be indefinitely enormous. Like Mr. SUMNER, the PRESIDENT professes to consider that the recognition of the belligerent rights of the Confederacy was the primary and fundamental grievance; yet in the same Message he maintains, in relation to Cuba, the principle that a neutral nation is its own judge of the time at which a recognition of belligerency is to be granted. The decision is correctly made dependent on the existence of a *de facto* political organization on the part of insurgents. In Cuba the rebels have neither a separate territory nor a Government, whereas the Confederate States, when their belligerency was recognised, were in undisputed possession of vast dominions administered by old and regular Governments, and including two thousand miles of sea-coast. As might be expected, General GRANT takes no notice of the fact that every Power in Europe concurred in the English recognition of belligerency, which itself proceeded from no unfriendly feeling to the United States. During the whole course of the war the Government and both Houses of Parliament carefully abstained from any expression of sympathy with the Confederates, and whenever two or three members of either House attempted to disturb the system of absolute non-interference they were summarily silenced by general consent. The PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES has no hesitation in declaring that the United States desire the independence, not only of Cuba, but of Canada and of the West India Islands, which have not hitherto invited his interference. The Lower House of Congress in its last Session passed a resolution in favour of the insurgents of Cuba, and a request to the PRESIDENT to acknowledge at the earliest possible opportunity, not only their belligerent rights, but the independence of the island. In the middle of the Civil War the Emperor of the FRENCH proposed, a joint mediation which would necessarily have assumed the independence of the Confederate States. The English Government declined to take part in the movement, which would assuredly have been both irritating and injurious to the Federal Government. The whole subject has been so repeatedly and so fully discussed that it has become irksome as well as painful. The PRESIDENT and his advisers have not thought it worth while to notice arguments which to all Englishmen, and to many of the best-informed Americans, appear wholly unanswerable. With utter disregard to the merits of the controversy, General GRANT insists on absolute submission, and on the payment of penalties which, as they were calculated by Mr. SUMNER, may perhaps amount to hundreds of millions sterling. It is useless to protest against a policy which makes negotiation impossible; and the only result which can be hoped from remonstrance is that public opinion in the United States may in time allow itself to be better informed. It is to the credit of Americans that they habitually despise the adulation and the professions of friendship with which injudicious Englishmen sometimes attempt to remove, or rather to conceal, the antipathy which prevails against England. The best compliment which can be paid to a nation which is unjust, as to a man, is to say and to prove that it is in the wrong.

The approximate completion of the process of reconstruction furnishes the PRESIDENT with reasonable grounds of satisfaction; and it is not less natural that he should congratulate Congress on the rapid reduction of the debt and on the flourishing condition of the revenue. The change in circumstances and in opinions since 1868 renders any argu-

ment against repudiation unnecessary. The former Congress voted by a large majority in favour of a breach of faith with the public creditor, and several chief Republican leaders concurred with the entire Democratic party in supporting repudiation. The great increase of the surplus revenue has probably convinced the most fanatical advocates of fraud that it will be almost as cheap to pay the debt as to destroy public credit. Mr. BOUTWELL, with good reason, hopes that he will be able by a new loan to pay off a large part of the six per cent. bonds and to re-borrow at four and a half per cent. The great and inevitable increase of population and property will render the burden of the debt insignificant long before it is entirely discharged. The method by which the SECRETARY of the TREASURY proposes to reduce the debt at present seems, if it is correctly reported in the telegraphic summary, to be injudicious, if not impracticable. It will be out of the power of Congress to fix a price at which bonds are to be paid off, for holders will exact the market rate, and the Government will not give more than the actual value to redeem its obligations. The PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of the TREASURY recognise the expediency of resuming specie payments, but they wish to postpone a charge which must at any time necessarily be onerous to debtors. One or two more monetary convulsions will probably be required to convince the people of the United States of the risk and damage which are incurred by the use of a variable currency. In commercial policy, the PRESIDENT, in full accordance with the Republican party, adheres to the narrowest doctrines of isolation and protection. He anticipates with complacency that the spread of American manufactures, under the encouragement which they receive, will cause a diminution of imports; and, with amusing ignorance, he affirms that the restoration of trade with Canada could by no possibility benefit any citizen of the United States, except a few actually engaged in the trade. The head of the greatest of democracies has never heard of consumers as interested in the abundance and cheapness of commodities. When the PRESIDENT says that no American citizen could profit by the introduction of Canadian timber, he means that no grower of American timber would obtain an additional price for his goods. The greater cheapness of houses, of ships, of railway carriages, and of half the articles necessary for comfort and convenience, has not occurred to the PRESIDENT's mind as a possible advantage. His training has probably not accustomed him to the consideration of economical questions, but he will soon find it impossible to resist the clamours of producers who, desiring protection for their wares, demand free trade in the material of their industry. In fairness to foreigners, and in sound economy, America is the most backward of nations, but it is also rapidly becoming the wealthiest and the strongest. Unlimited land is more conducive to prosperity than the soundest commercial policy.

THE RECIPROCITY AGITATION.

AMONG many wanton blunders, the Conservative party will have committed the silliest and the shallowest if its leaders sanction the feeble agitation for Reciprocity which has been encouraged by some of their humbler adherents. The time is fast approaching when it will become necessary to defend the existing condition of society and the distribution of property against formidable assailants. With tradition and vested right and economic expediency on their side, the champions of established institutions will have enough to do in contending against numerical majorities impelled by cupidity and prejudice. It is intolerable that in the impending struggle the upper and middle classes of England should be represented by a combination of quacks and adventurers. The project which affects the name of Reciprocity is itself a direct interference with the property and rights of the great body of the community. If legislation could be perverted for the benefit of certain classes of dealers, it would be difficult to dispute the applicability of the precedent to more direct encroachments on material interests. The Conservatives who are desperately attempting to recruit followers among dissatisfied artisans have no natural connexion with the policy of Protection. The only commodities which they really wished to make dearer have been irrevocably liberated from fiscal restraints; and it is absurd to suppose that landowners or farmers really desire to add an artificial percentage to the cost of manufactured products. There never was a genuine Protectionist who was not, however unconsciously, biassed by the special interests of himself or his class. Producers wish to exclude competition in their own wares; and, as in the United States, they support

similar claims on the part of other classes of dealers, in the hope of securing their own claim to levy a tribute on their unprotected customers. A grower of corn and cattle, knowing that it is impossible to restore import duties on farm produce, will inevitably accept the fundamental propositions of political economy, unless he has some entirely extraneous reason for adopting unprofitable sophisms. The apparent and almost solitary exception of Mr. NEWDEGATE, who is an honest enemy of free trade, is fully explained by a natural indisposition to change in later life opinions sincerely held in youth. When Mr. NEWDEGATE was first a Protectionist, the Corn-laws were in existence, and landowners had persuaded themselves that the welfare of the country, as well as their own prosperity, depended on the maintenance of a duty on corn. It is not in Mr. NEWDEGATE's nature to modify a genuine conviction because he is no longer personally interested in proving that it is just.

If it is true that the tickets for a reciprocity meeting held during the present week at Manchester were distributed by the Conservative Associations of the neighbourhood, the more intelligent members of the party ought without delay to sever themselves from a degrading and dishonest alliance. They may be well assured that, if the doctrines of reciprocity had any real hold on the manufacturing population, the promoters of the movement would not identify themselves with the Conservative party. By courting the muddle-headed malcontents who persuade themselves that they believe in reciprocity, the Conservatives will alienate the far more important body of manufacturers and merchants, as well as the whole educated community. It was especially anomalous to hold a Protectionist meeting at the Free Trade Hall in a city which utterly repudiates all protective duties. The cotton-spinners of Manchester and the neighbouring towns have no doubt of their power to find markets, if only they can cheapen and render abundant the raw material of their industry. With their attention fixed on foreign markets beyond the reach of English legislation, they despise the clamour against competition at home. The ordinary members of the Reciprocity Association have perhaps really persuaded themselves that the reduction of French duties on English goods would be the true remedy for the evils which they feel. There is no doubt that if the change could be accomplished by negotiation it would be highly advantageous; but their real hope is rather that the proposed negotiation may fail, and that retaliatory duties may consequently be imposed. The chairman of the Manchester meeting with perfect candour expressed the opinion that the country would be richer, "and better, taking into account the 'nature of the articles,' if we ceased to buy from France altogether. On the same principle Lancashire would be richer if it refused to deal with London; and the Manchester brick-makers were perfectly right in drawing their arbitrary customs frontier round the city at the end of a four-mile radius. It is true that no man buys goods, whether French or English, unless he wants them, and that most men think themselves the best judges of their own affairs; but perhaps the reciprocal philosophers may be right in saying that a purchaser would be richer if he were prevented from spending his money at all. It is not worth while to criticize seriously the confused blunders of unknown theorists who have not even understood their own professed doctrine. Every speaker who opened his mouth to curse the absence of reciprocal freedom of trade ended by blessing protection or prohibition.

Mr. STAVELEY HILL, member for Coventry, who seems to be the spokesman of reciprocity, delivered an elaborate speech against the fundamental principles of free trade. With a happy unconsciousness of the obsolete nature of his fallacies, he dwelt, even to the scandal of Mr. NEWDEGATE, on the exploded nonsense of the balance of trade. The exports, he said, of last year fell short of the imports by a hundred millions; and yet when Mr. HILL urged this forcible argument in the House of Commons, Mr. BRIGHT, as President of the Board of Trade, gave him the "answer" of which a child would be ashamed:—"Oh, but you must 'know that the money comes back somehow.' He (Mr. HILL) should like to know where the 'how' was." In using a common form of speech Mr. BRIGHT meant, not that Mr. HILL necessarily knew the rudiments of political economy, but that any person who had mastered the simplest elements of the science must know that the money came back. It is not the business of a Cabinet Minister to conduct primary education in the House of Commons. If Mr. HILL complained that the sea was drying up by evaporation, a meteorological Mr. BRIGHT might perhaps elliptically tell him that he must know that the water came back again. The explanation that

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clouds precipitate rain, and that the rainfall feeds rivers which run into the sea, would probably be left to be gathered from compilations for the use of children of ten years old. A country of which all the imports exceeded by a hundred millions a year all the exports would suffer, not depletion, but a plethora, of wealth. If Mr. HILL, whose abilities ought to be better employed, will analyse his grievance, he will find that he is pitying the foreign producer for receiving a hundred millions less than the value of his exports to England. The discovery will perhaps suggest the further inference, that neither at home nor abroad are vendors such simpletons as to part with their goods for nothing. A member of Parliament who aspires to share in commercial legislation ought to have understood that the amount of foreign trade is, as Mr. BRIGHT told him, measured by the addition of the imports to the exports. The whole amount returned in the tables is made up of separate bargains, on each of which the merchant receives a profit. Not satisfied with erroneous theories, Mr. HILL strengthens his case with the mistaken results of inaccurate observation:—"Let any one who doubted 'what he said look at the finances of the States of the world. 'On the one hand it would be found that those nations whose 'imports were higher than their exports were poor and continually incurring loans, while those with exports higher 'than imports were prosperous.' As Mr. HILL had just before asserted that the imports of England largely exceed the exports, it follows not only that the country which is still the richest in the world must be exceptionally poor, but that the English nation, which alone among civilized States has been engaged for fifty years in reducing its debt, is continually incurring loans. As an economist, Mr. STAVELEY HILL is precisely on a level with the President of the UNITED STATES.

If all the world, outside of England, were barred against commerce by exclusive tariffs, the prospects of industry would be gloomy; but it may be doubted whether the suicidal policy of countries which reject free trade is not on the whole advantageous to England, by crippling their competition in neutral markets. At this moment six-sevenths of the entire trade of China are in English hands. The inability of the Americans to compete in the carrying trade is entirely caused by the monstrous legislation which enhances the price of every article used in shipbuilding. Producers who have a secure and exclusive market at home are not likely to sell cheaply in foreign countries the articles of which they have created at home an artificial dearth. Wherever the French tariff operates injuriously to English interests, it is obvious that the English commodity affected would, in free competition, be cheap enough and good enough to displace to some extent the corresponding French product. In Brazil or in China, where there is no discriminating duty, the goods which are arbitrarily excluded from France will command a natural monopoly. Full reciprocity would be welcome as a gift, but it is not worth buying.

The agitation is for the present not likely to be serious, and any trouble which it may cause will perhaps be compensated by the argument which it will afford against reciprocal treaties. Mr. COBDEN and Mr. GLADSTONE did much immediate good by concluding the Commercial Treaty with France; but in seeming to violate a sound principle they countenanced the fallacy that an ostensible bargain ought to be equal on both sides. When M. ROUHER insisted on a duty of twenty or thirty per cent. on some English fabric, Mr. COBDEN appeared to prejudiced observers to be consenting to a burden which he had only reduced to the utmost of his power. The best excuse for such treaties is the aid which they afford to enlightened Governments in their conflict with ignorant and interested supporters of protection. Even at the risk of furnishing Mr. STAVELEY HILL with further ground of complaint, it may perhaps be worth while to allow Spain and Portugal to bind themselves by treaty to concessions of which they would reap the principal benefit. A uniform duty on wine stipulated in return would, notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE'S solicitude for the revenue, be extremely advantageous to the English consumer.

MR. MACLAGAN ON IRISH LAND.

AN amusing, instructive, and valuable contribution to Irish Land literature has been made by Mr. MACLAGAN, the member for Linlithgowshire. He, like many others, has been anxious to prepare himself for the great subject of next Session, and went to Ireland this autumn, originally intending to do Ireland and its Land in a month; but when he got there he found he must devote at least two months to his purpose. Even

that does not seem a great length of time to learn up all about the condition and history of the agricultural population of a country. But Mr. MACLAGAN set out with great advantages. He is a practical farmer, and he knew what to see and how to see it. He had a constant standard of reference in his Scotch experiences, and he could get people to tell him more than they will tell most strangers. At first, he tells us, they were inclined to distrust or humbug him, because they took him for the "Commissioner of some newspaper"—a view of the matter which makes us look back with some pain on the many columns we have read of the disquisitions of these distrusted men. But when the Irish found that he too was a farmer, their hearts warmed towards him, and they told him the secrets of their trade. It certainly says much for the subtlety with which the humblest Irishmen can seize refined distinctions, that the listeners of Mr. MACLAGAN at once grasped the vast difference that separates a journalist from a pamphleteer. Established on the easy footing which they had thus acquired, they told him much that was very well worth hearing, and, subject to a few drawbacks, he seems to have had a very pleasant time. Occasionally of course he had his trials to encounter. It was, as he says, a little aggravating for an energetic Scotchman to have to look at labourers who on the mildest days worked in the fields in long-tailed coats, and at the first chill of autumn thought it necessary to light fires in the fields to warm themselves. Knowledge was also pursued under difficulties when he had to investigate how far eggs could be made remunerative in a cottage where the hens roosted above his head. But then he had his sweet and unexpected consolations. On one occasion he heard with dismay and consternation that certain Scotch farmers in Ireland had actually failed. Panic-stricken he went to inquire, and to his intense relief he found that these failing farmers were only Englishmen. Mr. MACLAGAN occasionally excites a faint feeling of surprise. We can hardly understand his disappointment at finding that an Irish farmer refused to be converted whom he tried to persuade that it would do him a great deal of good to pay an increased rent, because it would stimulate him to exertion. But, with few exceptions, everything that Mr. MACLAGAN has to tell us is shrewd, sensible, and suggestive. More especially, Mr. MACLAGAN is the first writer who has thrown light on the distinction between compensation for goodwill and compensation for improvements. He traces the origin of tenant-right to fines or premiums on the entry on the land. The bailiff or middle-man exacted something from the tenant for admission. And each tenant has in turn been recouped by his successor. The claim to this reimbursement is, according to Mr. MACLAGAN, quite distinct from the claim for compensation where permanent improvements have been made. He considers that the claim of the tenant in the South of Ireland, for mere goodwill apart from improvements, cannot be estimated at less than five years' rental. An evicted tenant ought thus to receive a sum equal to five years of his rental, in addition to the amount he has sunk in improvements. Mr. MACLAGAN'S estimate may be wrong or right, but at any rate it forms a basis from which to start, and it professes to represent the actual customary law of the country.

Mr. MACLAGAN turned his practical knowledge to the solution of an important problem. He asked what was the smallest holding on which anything like successful cultivation could be undertaken. The answer he arrived at was that a holding of from sixteen to twenty acres was the smallest that could really pay. No prejudices against small holdings appear to have warped his judgment, but holders of a smaller acreage seemed to him unable to contend with the difficulties that surrounded them. Now seven-twelfths of the holdings of Ireland are below the amount which Mr. MACLAGAN considers to be the minimum of profitable cultivation. If he is right, more than half of the holders of land are destined to inevitable ruin. Nor does he shrink from the conclusions to which his argument leads. Sooner or later a large number of the tenants of Irish land will, he thinks, have to give way. Some will emigrate, but some also will sink into the rank of daily labourers. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that he has considered with much perplexed attention the future of the Irish labourer. And he comes to the conclusion that the labourer should not only be provided with work, but should have assigned him a cottage and a few acres of adjacent land. In time, therefore, the lower portion of the Irish agricultural population would be divided into tenants with a sufficient holding, and labourers protected from the worst risks of poverty. In order, however, that the tenants may not relapse into fatal habits of inactivity and sloth, Mr. MACLAGAN sets

his face resolutely against all projects for giving them fixity of tenure, or very long leases at a low rental. The worst farmers, he says, are those who are demoralized by having no necessity for constant exertion, and fixity of tenure, by providing a humble certainty, would necessarily damp the energy of an ordinary tenant. Leases for a term which would enable the tenant to repay himself for improvements constitute the ideal at which Mr. MACLAGAN consistently aims, although he is quite alive to the danger of constituting a Parliamentary system of leases, all of which would terminate at the same time. He also points out that Parliament is not really free to act, in so far as it has sanctioned the sale of lands to the purchasers in the Encumbered Estates Court, and led purchasers to imagine that they were bargaining for land free from the claims of tenants. They were mistaken, as Mr. POLLOCK found to his cost; they have had to buy out tenants, and to purchase the right of entry on the land to which they had, as they thought, acquired a Parliamentary title. But there is a limit beyond which it is intolerable that their disappointment should extend; they may have to buy up rights which have no legal existence, but at any rate the outlay of money must make them lords of the soil. Fixity of tenure would thus be a serious encouragement to the indolence of many tenants, would defraud Parliamentary purchasers, and, if accompanied by a periodical valuation, would lead to intricate litigation between landlord and tenant. Mr. MACLAGAN therefore considers, and as we conceive very rightly, that at some amount of pecuniary sacrifice the landlord must be able to evict the tenant. He, however, wishes that after a certain time has expired, the tenant, in the absence of any arrangement with his landlord, should be presumed to hold on a lease of a fixed duration. It may be acknowledged that this would avoid the great difficulty of keeping open vexed questions for ever; but it certainly seems liable to the objection that at a given date far too large a portion of the soil of the country might suddenly pass out of the hands of the occupying tenants. The leases thus created by presumption would expire all at once, and a grave social crisis would almost inevitably ensue.

In one respect, however, the suggestions of Mr. MACLAGAN cause us some uneasiness. In his anxiety to do justice to his discriminating friends, to repay them for their confidence, and to appear as a benefactor to Ireland, he assumes an attitude rather dangerous to the British taxpayer. He has extraordinarily large notions of what the State, which is in plain language nothing but the aggregate of taxpayers, may properly do for the suffering and interesting Irish. It is true that he lays down the principle of State help to be radically wrong; but he argues that, if we violate the principle at all, our violation of it may as well be unlimited. He is like a virtuous youth who, holding it to be wrong to gamble, stakes a five-franc piece at Baden-Baden, and then thinks, that, if he is to be vicious at all, he may as well break the bank. In the first place, Mr. MACLAGAN approves of the State furnishing funds to buy up the estates of great absentee proprietors and of the London Companies. This is pretty well to begin with, and would make a serious addition to the National Debt; but he flies much further than this. He wishes the State to provide the tenant with money to make improvements, and the landlord with funds to buy the tenant out. Further, he wishes the State to enter on gigantic schemes of arterial drainage, and to reclaim the valley of the Shannon and hundreds of thousands of acres of waste grounds. The primary object of this gigantic intervention of the State is to provide the Irish labourer with the certainty of employment. The average wages of the labourer in the South of Ireland are still only 5s. a week, and Mr. MACLAGAN innocently asks why, if the tenant is to have his windfall in the shape of compensation for goodwill and improvements, the labourer also should not have his share of the good things that Parliament can give. His idea of what the labourer should get is a cottage, a plot of land, and perpetual work guaranteed by the State. Who would have thought that the first advocate of the *droit au travail* would be a hard-headed common-sense Scotch member? It is very premature to discuss at present suggestions like these; and we may safely leave Mr. MACLAGAN to the difficult task of converting an English Parliament to the doctrines of Paris in 1848. Nor do we think that too rigid a line should be drawn, or that the State should absolutely refuse to give aid where a distinct, definite, and limited operation of peculiar promise is proposed. But it is a subject of great anxiety to find that even sensible men are apt to work out philanthropical schemes without any hesitation as to the cost to the taxpayer. Were the precedent set, we may be sure it would be

rapidly followed. Even as it is, it will be difficult to resist the appeals which will be made to Parliament for aid to mitigate the misery caused in England by the inevitable depression of trade or the blind obstinacy of workmen. There are other workmen besides those who live in the valley of the Shannon that would like to have good wages constantly provided for them. It is not without satisfaction that we reflect that the taxpayer has his champion in the Cabinet, and that Mr. LOWE will not part with a sixpence for the most benevolent, the most attractive, or the most illusory of projects if he can possibly help it. The Irish Land Bill, when it is really laid before Parliament, must be taken without any prejudice entirely on its own merits; but we shall certainly be surprised to find that it is as indulgent to labourers in the Shannon valley as it has entered into the kindly heart of Mr. MACLAGAN to wish that it may be.

PARTIES IN FRANCE.

THE recent course of events in France has naturally brought M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER into unexpected prominence. He is the one man who, in days when the idea seemed too wild to be seriously entertained, dared to conceive the reconciliation of the Empire with liberty. As such he has the best possible claim to take the first place in the party which is now bent upon turning the dream into reality. He is marked out by circumstances as the Minister who is to initiate NAPOLEON III. into the ways of constitutional government. Unfortunately, the difficulties he has encountered even before his task has begun are but an earnest of what lie before him. His antecedents are not of the kind which most commands the confidence of French Liberals. They remember with what extremely small concessions he was once ready to put up, and the recollection has thrown a shade of suspicion over the desire he lately manifested to secure a majority at any price. No doubt there is a great deal to be said for M. OLLIVIER's theory of the situation. He sees that the EMPEROR has those about him who will be only waiting to point the moral of Parliamentary discords, and that the Sovereign himself may not be disinclined to conclude at the earliest moment that Parliamentary government has proved a failure. From this point of view the determination not to attack the Ministry for the present was eminently prudent. Their defeat must necessarily be followed by a resignation or a dissolution, and it is hard to say which alternative would be most disastrous for the cause of constitutional liberty. Either the Opposition would be driven to take office without possessing an organized body of supporters, or the country would be plunged into the confusion of a fresh election before there had been time to harvest the fruits of the last. The true policy, therefore, of the Liberal party is to prepare itself for taking office, and the indispensable condition of such preparation is the command of an assured majority. For this purpose it is useless to look to the Left. They cannot work cordially with the EMPEROR, and consequently they can have no direct share in that peaceable transition from Personal to Constitutional government which the moderate Liberals wish to see achieved. On the other hand, the Right contains many members who have frankly accepted the *Senatus Consultum*, with all that follows from it; and between them and the moderate Liberals there is only a distinction in name. In forming an alliance with politicians of this type the Third Party would have to deny none of its principles; it would simply have to exercise a little self-restraint, and to be on its guard against risking the loss of the substantial success it has already gained by an over-hasty desire to make the most of its victory.

To Englishmen such an attitude of mind is sufficiently familiar, and had it been exhibited in some one else than in M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER it might have a fair prospect of becoming familiar to Frenchmen also. But so reserved and cautious a policy can hardly be imposed upon a newly-formed party unless they have unbounded reliance on their leader; and unbounded reliance is certainly not the phrase which most naturally suggests itself in describing the feelings of the French Liberals towards M. OLLIVIER. An important section of the Third Party viewed his ingenious scheme for manufacturing a majority out of the Right with less than doubtful approval. If, they said in effect, a majority were all that is wanted, there has been one ever since 1852. The existing Ministry sprang from a coalition not unlike that which is now recommended. It is made up of old supporters of Personal government together with a few recruits from among those who signed the now famous interpellation. What it is worth as a machine for carrying on constitutional government may be judged from

the fact that its leading spirit is still M. FORCADE DE LA ROQUETTE. It was obvious, that if the recruits from the Right were to be counterbalanced by a secession from the Third Party, the purpose of the future Minister would be but badly answered. As soon, therefore, as the Third Party had unmistakably broken up, M. OLLIVIER set to work to heal the schism which had come too quickly to allow of his averting it. The programme of the Right Centre is the result of his efforts. Regarded as a statement of principles, there is certainly nothing in it to quarrel with. If it has a fault, it is that it includes rather too much. It opens with sundry excellent generalities. It is the duty of the national representatives to put into shape the national wishes. The first of these wishes at present is the establishment of Parliamentary government. Parliamentary government implies a free press, free elections, a homogeneous Ministry, and a compact majority. There have been some English Ministers, by the way, who must have wished that Parliamentary government did always imply a compact majority. Every constitutional party may be called on to carry out their programme when once it has been sanctioned by a majority. The Right Centre then proceeds to state the reforms which it is itself prepared to carry out, provided it can get the chance. Individual liberty is to be restored by the abolition of the law of Public Safety. No functionary is to have more than one large salary. An inquiry is to be instituted into the best means of giving self-government to the commune, the canton, and the department, and, pending the result of the investigation, Mayors must be appointed from among the Municipal Councils. A Reform Bill is to be passed before the Corps Législatif is dissolved, the chief objects of which are to be the legal definition of electoral districts and the security of freedom of election. Officials guilty of interference at elections, attacks upon individual liberty, or unlawful violations of domicile are to be deprived of the immunity from legal proceedings now enjoyed by them. Press offences are to be tried by a jury. This is by no means the whole of the programme; there are several less directly political measures included in it which have not been enumerated here. And even the whole of it is only put forward as an instalment of what the Right Centre is willing to do when it is once seated in office. M. OLLIVIER may naturally have thought that if this did not re-unite his forces his friends of the Left Centre must be very hard to please. And as a matter-of-fact they do not profess any dissatisfaction with the ends for which he proposes to labour. On the contrary, they cannot but record their satisfaction at finding so large a number of their colleagues adhering to the principle of Parliamentary government. But, they go on to hint, has not the Right Centre reckoned a little without its host? Two at least of the measures included in its programme, the definition of electoral districts and the nomination of mayors, cannot be carried out except by a modification of the Constitution. A Bill enabling the Corps Législatif to share in that right of making alterations in the organic law which is now confined to the Senate, is consequently an indispensable preliminary to effective legislation on these important subjects. And as to the appointment of mayors, is it necessary to wait for the results of the proposed inquiry before giving the Communes the right of electing their own chief magistrates? May not this be done by a separate measure, which can be brought forward immediately?

It will be seen that the programme of the Left Centre, while it is less ambitious in its array of measures than that of the Right Centre, has the merit of making two practical suggestions of considerable value. As long as no change can be introduced into the Constitution except by the lengthy process of a *Senatus Consultum*, the Government will always have in its power to prevent, or at least postpone, a large class of inconvenient discussions. And even if it does not take this purely obstructive line, the effect of the present system is to withdraw the most important class of measures from the cognizance of the Corps Législatif and to commit them to an assembly consisting entirely of the EMPEROR'S nominees. Again to give the right of electing its own Mayor to every Commune would do more to accustom the people to the exercise of local self-government than anything which an inquiry can supply. The omission of both measures from the programme of the Right Centre throws some doubt on the business capacity, if not on the sincerity, of the organization which left them out. For practical purposes, however, the Centre may once more be regarded as a united body. There is no avowed difference of principle between its two sections, and in all that concerns the business of legislation the advanced minority has the advantage in point of

moderation and common sense over the nominally more Conservative majority which adheres to M. OLLIVIER. The materials for a reconciliation are clearly not far to seek; the only difficulty that can present itself is a difficulty about men, not about measures. Perhaps if the intercalary Ministry could hold out long enough for new reputations to form themselves, some one might appear to take M. OLLIVIER'S place; but as things are, his accession to office, if not to power, seems imminent and inevitable. He is less obnoxious to the EMPEROR than any other possible Minister, and he leads by far the largest section of the Corps Législatif. How long he will continue to do this must depend upon the new combinations into which the Chamber will resolve itself when the real Session begins.

THE JUDICATURE COMMISSION.

SOME time since we discussed a few of the recommendations of the Judicature Commission, not without grave apprehensions of the consequences which would follow if the Report should be embodied without modification in an Act of Parliament. To-day we propose to consider another not less important section of the Report, with the principle of which it is impossible not to agree. But before passing to this subject—the mode of proof in contested cases—it may be well briefly to recapitulate what seem to us the overwhelming objections to the Commissioners' scheme of pleading.

Putting technicalities aside, the object of all judicial procedure is, or at least ought to be, first, to ascertain with the greatest possible exactness what the points in dispute really are; and then to discover by the surest available methods on which side the truth is to be found. The first of these processes is effected with more or less success by the various modes of what lawyers call pleading; the second by one or other of the diverse arrangements for taking evidence. A system of pleading which induces or compels the litigants to put forward sharply and clearly their own views of the facts and of the law is good. A system which tempts or permits them to cloud their statements with assertions which they know to be false, or to keep back the real contention which they mean ultimately to raise, is bad. If we add to this that complexity and artificiality are serious defects, simplicity and naturalness important merits, we have before us the main tests by which this portion of judicial procedure should be tried. The conclusions that follow seem to us obvious enough, though they have been strangely missed by the Judiciary Commission. As a rule, every plaintiff thinks he has a good case, and desires to state the real case on which he means to rely. All that is needed so far is to leave him, quite untrammelled by technical rules, to tell his own story as he likes best. Whether the narrative is called as in Chancery, a bill, or as at Common Law, a declaration, is wholly immaterial, provided that all the technical rules about declarations are swept away, as the Commissioners appear to contemplate. The main difficulty arises when you come to the defendant's statement. A defendant does not by any means invariably desire that the real issues between him and his adversary should be brought speedily and clearly before the Court. If he can gain nothing else by misstatement, confusion, and reticence, he can often by these means gain time, and possibly so far embarrass and weary his adversary as to drive him to a compromise of indisputable rights. Thus, under the Common Law system, defendants as a matter of course deny statements of the plaintiff which they know to be true, and set up allegations of their own which they never hope to prove, simply for the sake of adding to the difficulties and expense in the plaintiff's way. So in other systems defendants strive to the utmost to avoid any explicit statement at all on those parts of the controversy in which they feel their position to be weak; and in proportion as this is done, the pleadings fail to perform their office of showing the real dispute between the parties. What is required to meet these tendencies is, first to prevent a defendant from making any allegations which he does not believe to be true, and then to compel him to meet every part of the plaintiff's case, and say what his defence is. The first end is attained by requiring him to swear to his plea, or answer; the second, by compelling him so to frame it as to meet all the points on which the plaintiff chooses to interrogate him. This is the Equity system, and as it is about the only unobjectionable part of the procedure of the Court of Chancery, it is but right to acknowledge that it has proved in practice an entire success. With only the very rarest exceptions, the method does succeed in presenting to the Court the true issues, and the true issues alone, which no other scheme of pleading has ever done. The Commissioners have nevertheless proposed

to abolish the oath which keeps out false issues, and to postpone to another stage the interrogatories which bring out the true issues in the cause; in other words, to abolish the only system of pleading which has ever answered its purpose. We will not now dwell further on this, the only defect in principle which can be charged against the Report, not abandoning the hope that in their future deliberations the Commissioners will see cause to modify their earlier views.

The recommendations on the subject of evidence are far more satisfactory. In this respect the methods of Chancery are as inferior to those of the Common Law Courts as their pleadings are superior, and in fact they are so perversely unsuitable for the trial of contested facts that one can only wonder how they ever came to be tolerated. Nothing can be more plain than that the best way of eliciting the truth is to bring witnesses face to face before the Court to be examined and cross-examined, and if need be recalled to contradict each other until the actual facts are got out. This is the Common Law and the common sense method. The rules as to evidence in the Equity Courts have passed through many stages and have arrived at a very singular compromise. The system now is that a plaintiff may choose between two almost equally objectionable modes of procedure. He may elect to have the evidence taken by alternate sets of affidavits, reserving the privilege of the last word to himself. As a corrective to false statements, either party may cross-examine the witnesses of the other, but under two disadvantages, which neutralize the benefit. One is, that the cross-examination takes place not before the judge, but before an examiner, from whose notes it is impossible for the Court to discriminate between an honest and a prevaricating witness. The other still more fatal defect is, that the cross-examination takes place at a time when no further evidence can be given, so that the witness, if unscrupulous, may say what he pleases without fear of contradiction. The other method which is offered to the plaintiff's option is for each party to file his affidavits in utter ignorance of what the other is saying. On a certain day the box is opened, and then one, if not both of them, is apt to find that the other has given evidence which he could easily displace if he were only allowed to call witnesses for the purpose. But this he is not allowed to do, and the solitary redeeming feature of this alternative procedure is that cross-examination does take place in the presence of the judge.

Strange as this complication of absurdities may seem, it is easily accounted for. Neither judges nor counsel liked the tedious proceeding of examining witnesses in open Court. Many, perhaps most, of the suits in Chancery involved no real conflict of testimony, and could be settled well enough, and with much greater rapidity, economy, and ease, on affidavit evidence. Moreover, the habit of taking oral evidence had never been acquired, and so the old methods were patched up from time to time with little doses of cross-examination, until the wonderful result was arrived at which we have endeavoured to describe. Who can wonder that the Commissioners should have decided that all cases involving a real contest of evidence ought to be tried, as at Common Law, by the oral examination of witnesses in open Court? There still remain some counter considerations, which we are glad to see the Report does not neglect. Oral evidence in open Court is needlessly expensive where there is no real difficulty about facts, and the only questions are substantially points of law. It is a cruel thing for suitors to be compelled to keep a train of witnesses in readiness day after day to prove nothing whatever but facts of which no one has any doubt, and which have only been questioned by the other side for the sake of occasioning delay, embarrassment, and expense. Yet this constantly occurs at law, and it must be an essential part of any sound system to weed out all the cases which do not call for rigorous investigation of facts, and dispose of them by affidavit evidence. It may be difficult to frame regulations to this end, but we gather that the Commissioners will endeavour to do so, and we do not doubt that they will succeed.

Another objection to oral evidence which is very hard to deal with is the danger of surprise. In the midst of the hearing a witness gets up and makes a statement entirely unexpected, and perhaps wholly or in great part false. It could be contradicted with ease if there were time, but perhaps the right witness is not at hand, and the baffled suitor has no remedy but to submit to defeat, and apply at a later stage for a second trial on the ground of surprise. Some more effectual way of dealing with such cases is urgently required, and it may be hoped that this very essential matter will neither be passed over nor the attempt to deal with it abandoned in despair. Such an opportunity as now exists for the thorough reconstruction on a rational footing of our judicial

machinery has never before arisen, and it would be unfortunate if it should fail to bear all the fruits which have been looked for from the labours of the Commission. When pleading and evidence are put on a sound basis, half the work will have been done; but there still remains one other difficult question—the constitution of the Courts and their subordinate officers—a question much too thorny and complex to be discussed at the close of an article.

BEGGARS AND THE POOR-LAW.

IT is perhaps hardly too much to say that the Poor-law has broken down in the metropolis. In parts of the country—especially in the South—it is maladministered through the blind greed and shortsighted selfishness of the Guardians, who think it a sharp stroke of policy to eke out wages by relief. But this is a local and accidental departure from the principle of the law on the part of blundering and hard-fisted administrators. On the other hand, in the metropolis the Poor Law Board confesses its own inability to cope with the huge advancing tide of pauperism, and the Holborn Guardians admit the impossibility of adhering to the statutory instructions which they have received. In the dilemma thus admitted, three or four Societies combine to do that which the Poor-law has undertaken to do itself through its own paid officials and unpaid local staff. The situation is as curious as it is perplexing, and the questions it suggests are numerous. Among these is the question whether it be desirable to have a Poor-law at all, with President, Secretaries, and Inspectors.

The theory of our law is admirable. It presupposes that all who can work earn a livelihood, and provides that all who are unable to work shall find subsistence. It devises districts of such a size as to adjust the proper proportion between the persons necessarily claiming relief and those who are capable of affording it. It imposes severe tests on all who claim it without deserving it. Such is the theory. But what are the facts, in London at least? All the old barriers which once stemmed the irruption of the poor are broken down. A vast army of irremovable pauperhood has occupied the Eastern and Southern suburbs. The contemplated ratio between the numbers of payers and receivers of relief has disappeared. A mass of people who at one time are, or ought to be, contributors to the rates, at another time are among their recipients. The Central Board, recognising the inefficacy of its own statutes, issues a supplication for external aid, and its subordinate Boards reply that they have already stretched the law under which they are appointed, in order to administer relief in a mode contrary to its direct provisions. And, while the superior and subordinate offices are singing amiceans on their respective incapacities, a number of Associations start into life to initiate a new and parenthetical system of relief.

The correspondence discloses a state of things which has never been officially recognised, although it can hardly be said to be unknown. There is a vast body of people in the metropolis in a state of potential pauperism. These are not exactly paupers as yet, but they may become so any week. Take cases like this. A man is in irregular work; he earns perhaps 3s. a week. Obviously this will not keep him, a wife, and three children. Or a woman, with two children, and one of these sick, goes out charring, and earns 2s. 6d. a week. Obviously this will not keep them. The law says that, if they apply to the parish, they must all go into the poorhouse. This is the crucial test. The poor people themselves say that they don't want to go into the poorhouse. The Guardians, too, have something to say to this. If they take the applicants into the poorhouse, they will expend on them, man or woman, not less than 4s. or 5s. a head each week. This is no trifling consideration when there are 6,000 applicants. Naturally the Guardians prefer to give from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a week to each of the heads of families, and allow them to remain earning what they can out of the poorhouse. This difference in the expenditure involves a great difference in taxation. It saves the ratepayers some 1,200*l.* or more each week. But it is against the principle of the Poor-law and the Minute of the Poor Law Board. The people thus relieved are neither unemployed nor destitute. The shilling and loaf or two loaves given are in aid of the wages which they earn; but they are also in reduction of a portion of the rates they might have claimed. If, as the Guardians put it, all outdoor relief had been refused, scandals would have arisen from the sufferings of the applicants. If only indoor relief had been allowed, grave remonstrances would have poured in from the overburdened ratepayers. On this aspect of the case the Guardians cannot be said to be unreasonable. But there is

another aspect to the case. The man who thus applies may be earning money—more than 3s. or 4s. a week—but not by work. He may be domiciled in Holborn, but beg in Westminster or Kensington. He may lodge, surrounded by the implements of some trade, in the precincts of Holborn Union, but he may walk abroad to earn an honest penny by mendicancy in more fashionable districts. Nay, he may not confine his exertions to street begging; he may tap in turn the various charities of his own parish, which go on diffusing alms in blind and contemptuous ignorance of each other's bounty. He may assume by turns the character of Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Roman Catholic, and may in turns become the pensioner of District Visitors of every church and creed. An ingenious man, not too much given to gin, or blessed with the happy faculty of disguising his propensity, might scheme a pleasant dietetic campaign by well-timed applications to the Guardians, to the clergy, and to District Visitors of every denomination. If he got, say, a shilling and a couple of loaves each week from the Guardians, he might supplement this insufficient gift by clothes, blankets, and one or two shillings more from the District Visitors and the administrators of private charities. If he were a man of luxurious tastes, and found the income thus obtained insufficient for his wants, he might add to it by a well-regulated exercise of the vocation of street beggar. This alternation of stratagems would furnish occupation to his mind and add variety to his labours. But this is not the sort of life that Poor-law Guardians are supposed or expected to encourage. Indeed it is one of the things which they are expected to put down. That they have not succeeded in doing so is one reason why they are instructed in the Minute of Mr. GOSCHEN to work together with what are vaguely called the "charitable agencies" of the metropolis. And this instruction, in its turn, has called into being several Associations with a long name, "for the repression of mendicity" and the organization of charitable relief."

We have no wish to speak disparagingly of these societies. Their intentions are excellent. Only their programme is a trifle too pretentious. When a body of gentlemen—most of whom have their own special vocations, and live at some distance from one another—propose, with very slight funds in hand, and with one paid officer, "to organize" charitable relief in a large metropolitan area, the suspicion inevitably occurs that they have hardly realized the meaning of the term used, or the magnitude of the task which they have imposed upon themselves. Theirs is the task of irresponsible and unsalaried Poor-law officers. They propose to do that which the whole Poor-law staff up to the present time have neither effected nor, indeed, attempted. We do not deny that their project is vast, comprehensive, heroic. But, having regard to the means at their disposal, it certainly carries with it the flavour of grandiosity.

Quid dignum tanto ferat hic promissor hiatu?

the cynic will say. And we, who are not cynics, cannot help thinking that the patriotic gentlemen who have entered on this campaign might have contented themselves with limiting their first tentative efforts to strangling mendicity. But no, *aut Hercules aut nihil*, is their motto. They must strangle the two snakes, indigence and mendicity, at once. In our humble opinion, the annihilation of the latter monster would have been no slight achievement by itself. The mendicants constitute the horde which assails our individual purses in the day time and our collective purses at night. They make us—or our wives and daughters—stand and deliver in the day, and they sleep and sup at our expense in the casual wards of the poorhouse afterwards. Now, a body of men which set itself energetically to work at the extirpation of this vermin would have no easy and trifling duty to perform. It would, in fact, be a new motive power brought to bear on every metropolitan Union and every police-station. It would send the vagrant to the police and the tramp to the relieving officer. It would really infuse such an unwonted and strange vigour into our actual laws, that many persons would for the first time know of their existence. In process of time, that which was a comparatively easy matter in a distant suburb like Blackheath, would be effected in the Unions and parishes of London.

But it would have required time. Each raid made on the army of mendicants at the outposts would have consolidated its strength at the central points. As the beggars were driven in, their solidarity would have increased, and other dangers besides those of street beggary would have presented themselves. When they did present themselves, experience and a consciousness of their developed powers would have enabled the associations to "organize" further measures. However, with an ardour worthy of their

youth, they have already anticipated this period. They announce their readiness to "organize charitable relief at once." They are ready to confront not only the sturdy mendicant, but the District Visitor—lay, clerical, or female; to call upon, and be snubbed by, the agents of every one of the multifarious charities which, "like patines of bright gold," stud the streets of the metropolis; to keep whole dictionaries of applicants, with their characters affixed, from the "hardened" practitioner of half a century to the plaintive tyro of yesterday; and all this without a subscription or a secretary.

Talibus opto

Annuat inceptis Fortuna.

If they succeed in their twofold design, they will have done more than any Minister or statesman has done for the country within the last quarter of a century. But in grasping at this grand and comprehensive scheme, we hope they will not forget the humbler, but not unimportant, work which meets them on the threshold of their undertaking—that of grappling with mendicity and vagrancy, and seeing if the penal law of England is not strong enough to crush them. Let them remember that the men they have to deal with are counted by hundreds of thousands, and the bounties squandered, which they propose to organize, are reckoned by millions.

KELLY v. KELLY.

WHETHER Lord PENZANCE has extended the doctrine of legal cruelty in the case of *KELLY v. KELLY*, or not, may be a matter of legitimate inquiry, but most people will agree that his judgment is a very proper one. It will always remain, as it ought always to remain, improper, because impossible, to frame a precise and inelastic rule by which such cases as this are to be rigidly construed. Conjugal cruelty is indefinite, and every case must be judged by its own merits and weighed by its own special circumstances; and public feeling, on the one hand, requires that no undue encouragement should be afforded to the feeling, perhaps a growing one, that the mere existence of incompatibility of temper should be held to be a ground for judicial separation, and, on the other, that the practical indissolubility, not of the marriage bond, but of conjugal rights, and of bed and board, should not be so rigidly insisted on as to involve serious injury to body and soul. After all, the rules by which interference on the part of the law can be justified, and the judicial separation of a married pair enforced, must remain vague and indeterminate. A general principle may be laid down, but its application must be considered with reference to specialities and accidents which are incapable of being foreseen, and the incidence of which must be as variable as the life-history of the parties concerned. On the first blush of it, it would seem that as the parties in *KELLY v. KELLY* had gone on with more or less discomfort for so many years, and as this sad marriage life had been so far prolonged that we hear of a son of nearly thirty years of age, the Court might have been perhaps justified in declining to interfere in dissolving a connexion which might have been left to the great reconciler who could not be far distant. But the decision—unusual, and it may be somewhat innovating—must rest its justification on circumstances which are perhaps without a parallel or a precedent.

Mr. KELLY, the defendant, is a very exceptional person. A clergyman might be expected to have some sense of moral duty apart from strictly legal obligations; and in an Irishman it is seldom that we find a total annihilation of sentiment and affection. But Mr. KELLY, though a clergyman and an Irishman, most nearly fulfils the character which has been attributed to the Pharisee; his character is essentially Jewish. Narrow, positive, bigoted, and obstinate, he is not altogether without a sense of right; but with such a man right becomes wrong. He exemplifies the paradox *summum jus summa injuria*. All his life through, and in every relation of it, he has exhibited a cast-iron temper. Placed, by whose patronage we know not, in an important parish in Liverpool, he used the opportunity of the Corporation attending his church to protest against the appointment of a Jew Mayor. No doubt Mr. KELLY had a right to his own opinions about Jewish disabilities, but the mode in which he sought to express those opinions was remarkably maladroit, to say the least of it. The natural consequences followed; he attracted notoriety, and odium as well as notice; and the newspapers, which ought to have little to do with sermons, were justified in using very strong language about sermons which ought to have nothing to do with local and municipal politics. That Mr. KELLY should bring an action against the newspapers for libel was of course characteristic of what, for lack of a better

name, we must call his naturally contentious spirit; that he should fail in his action, or actions, may well be accounted for when we remember that his cause was an unpopular one, and that he advocated it himself. It seems that this incident of the Jew Mayor, and the consequent trial, brought out in all its fulness the depths of Mr. KELLY's character. He was defeated, but he had managed to spend his own, or rather his wife's, fortune in compassing his defeat. Henceforth he turned his undoubted talents for annoyance, under the form, which perhaps he might at first have thought that they bore, of a stern vindication of right and duty and authority, inwards, and he seems to have vented on his poor wife the accumulated gall which his disappointment and defeat must have secreted. It is quite natural that Mrs. KELLY should not have viewed with equanimity the loss of her fortune; and it is only given to such fools as Miss MITFORD's mother to encourage reckless and improvident husbands in ruining themselves. The chief burden of Mrs. KELLY's deficiencies and failure in wife-like duty, in her husband's eyes, seems to have been that she could not quite see that he had done very wisely in the libel cases, or very well in ruining his family to gratify his vanity or his morbid anxiety to set everybody to rights. That any wife should see with satisfaction her and her son's fortune squandered is hardly to be expected from human nature; that women are not well skilled in wills, settlements, and reversions is more their misfortune than their fault. That Mrs. KELLY asked a relation to explain to her her sister's will is the one and only crime in her husband's eyes.

From that moment Mr. KELLY pursued a systematic infliction of daily torture and degradation on his wife, which for mere refined and ingenious cruelty might produce envy in an Inquisitor. It was all the worse because on the one hand it appealed to high sanctions, and on the other because it was so craftily and cleverly pursued that it always kept, or tried to keep, within the windy side of what the torturer thought to be the law. The husband is the head of the wife, the first duty of the wife is to keep his privacy and peace, not to accept or make other confidences than his, to show that, as they are one in flesh, so they are one in common prospects, hopes, and duties; and very pretty talk this is. Again, if a wife fails in her duty, it is her husband's duty, especially for religious ends, to win her back to the strait and narrow path; to detach and exclude her from all occasions of straying; to preclude the possibility of her doing anything to injure him or herself. High and Christian objects, we dare say; and, if we remember rightly, they have often been forcibly urged by other religionists than those of the Irish Evangelical type in defence of persecution. To save the soul at the expense of the body is no very new thing. But in the matter of physical and corporeal restriction Mr. KELLY was very precise, methodical, and formal. He had his formula. So long as he did not beat his wife, he claimed the right to use all means which would not physically torture but morally influence her. Solitary imprisonment, perpetual silence, isolation from friends and relations, intercourse by letter only, the surveillance of servants, the interdict of pen and ink—as these things were not the fist and the stick, they were lawful in Mr. KELLY's eyes, and consequently they were practised on this lady of sixty years of age, and this wife of nearly thirty years of married life. It was all done in the interests of the wife's spiritual state, and the only intercourse with which her husband favoured her was to pray at her with much unction at least once a day.

On this state of things Mrs. KELLY appeals to the Court for judicial separation and separate maintenance. She proves, luckily for her, that her health had suffered, and her prayer is granted. But Lord PENZANCE clearly availed himself with alacrity of this fact of Mrs. KELLY's impaired health, which could reasonably be attributed to nothing else than her husband's peculiar mode of asserting his marital rights. Had Mrs. KELLY been a younger woman, a stronger woman, and one in whose case actual injury to health could not have been distinctly proved, it is possible that the Court might not have relieved his wife. It is not therefore so much that the received doctrine of cruelty is stretched in this judgment, as that Mrs. KELLY was just lucky enough to come within it. Marital cruelty must be persistent, extreme, of long standing, systematic, and unintermittent. Fortunately, or perhaps in some cases unfortunately for some wives, husbands of Mr. KELLY's iron type are extremely rare. There are in the lives of most men some soft intervals of pity and sympathy; there are gleams of light which in an involuntary way flash across the hardest and fiercest natures. CALIGULA or NERO may be credited with an accidental tear or so. Not so

Mr. KELLY. He stands a character whole and self-possessed. Not a single weakness breaks the icy monotony of his frozen nature. He conducted his own defence and cross-examined his wife in the most self-possessed and imperturbable way. BRUTUS could not have done it in a loftier spirit. Mr. KELLY felt that the eyes of the world were upon him, and that he could defy the world. And he did defy it. He defied humanity, but humanity was too strong for him. He appealed to his rights, and for the first time he found out that there were, if not for him, yet for others, duties which those others, being the whole world, meant him to recognise. Mr. KELLY has been very consistent, and he has placed before himself a very lofty ideal. But we are thankful to say that it is a consistency and an ideal which cannot be permitted to be carried out. Mr. KELLY will console himself that his whole life has been a long martyrdom to a sublime theory. For us it is enough to know that it is likely to remain a theory.

THE MORALITY OF FIELD-SPORTS.

MR. FREEMAN did a bold action when he declared in the *Fortnightly Review* that the most cherished amusement of English country gentlemen was essentially immoral. The challenge which he threw down to fox-hunters has been taken up by Mr. Trollope with equal gallantry. The issue between them is distinct, though it has been complicated in the resulting controversies by some irrelevant discussions, and deserves a little examination. It is not only interesting in itself, but will be found to illustrate some more important points of casuistry.

Mr. Freeman's essay was an expansion and illustration of Wordsworth's often quoted precept, that we ought

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives.

Pain and death, said Mr. Freeman, should not be made matter of amusement. This maxim condemns the gladiatorial shows, and condemns with equal plainness, though not of course with equal severity, the bull-baiting or cock-fighting of the last generation. It is impossible, Mr. Freeman added, to draw any distinct line between these confessedly demoralizing practices and the field-sports which public opinion still tolerates or admires. If we will be logical we must condemn every form of amusement in which the infliction of torture is the ultimate end or the inevitable accompaniment. Fox-hunting is better than bull-baiting in so far as it causes less suffering, or at any rate less conspicuous suffering; but when one is given up the other must ultimately follow. The principle, whether sound or unsound, is at least unequivocal, and gives a distinct rule of action.

In answer to this principle, which Mr. Freeman worked out with characteristic vigour and abundance of historical illustration, Mr. Trollope uses various arguments of more or less cogency. One which he does not use explicitly is naturally brought to our minds. The fact that Mr. Trollope is himself a fox-hunter is enough to prove to any one familiar with his writings that fox-hunting is not of necessity incompatible with keen perceptions and manly abhorrence of cruelty. This, however, may be put out of consideration. Nobody would deny for a moment that many fox-hunters are not only admirable characters in other respects, but thoroughly merciful men—merciful, that is, to every living creature except a fox. But then nobody would deny that the same might be said of many persons who in former times encouraged amusements which every one now considers cruel. Wyndham, as Mr. Freeman reminds us, defended bull-baiting in Parliament, and Christopher North had cock-fights in his drawing-room; yet both of them were men of great refinement and more than ordinary humanity. Such facts are admitted on all hands, and only prove the well-known truth that a man's virtues depend upon the standard prevalent in his age.

Another argument used by Mr. Trollope may be mentioned only to be rejected. He tells us that God gave cats the instincts which make them torture mice, and that God gave hounds the instincts which we use in hunting foxes. This proves nothing, unless it proves that we are justified in adopting the morality of cats and dogs. God gave the savage the instincts which cause him to revel in brutal cruelty, and He equally gave us the instincts which cause us to be inexpressibly shocked at such conduct. Why slaughter and suffering in endless variety should be part of the constitution of the world, is an inscrutable mystery; but it is at least plainly our duty to diminish the suffering as much as possible, and not to justify it by a more than Mahomedan fatalism. We send sailors to sea, says Mr. Trollope, knowing that many of them will be drowned. Certainly we do; but we are inexcusable if we do not take care that as few shall be drowned as possible. In all such cases the plain line of duty is to minimize the inevitable suffering; and they are entirely beside the mark in considering whether we are justified in inflicting superfluous suffering purely for our own amusement.

Mr. Trollope, however, has a much stronger argument than these. We kill a fox, he says, in search of a healthy and invigorating pleasure; we kill an ermine to get a bit of fur to make a pretty tippet for a lady. On what principle can we condemn the first

and justify the second practice, although the pleasure procured in the first instance is far greater and more healthy, and the pain inflicted not worse? Putting this in more general terms, we have here the obvious utilitarian argument. We calculate the quantities of pain and pleasure produced by a given practice, and determine our judgment by comparing them. If we open a creditor and debtor account in the case of fox-hunting, we have on the one side the pleasure to a large number of men, dogs and horses, including of course the good effects upon the health and morality of the persons employed; and on the other side we have nothing but a few minutes' suffering to the fox. Mr. Trollope goes further and reckons the fox's previous happy existence. We doubt the legitimacy of this item, because we should also have to include the results to the rabbits and other animals which follow from the fox's struggle for existence. The problem would become too complex for solution. But taking into account merely the direct effects of the hunt, we may assume that there is a clear balance of happiness produced by the practice. This is clearly a strong argument. It might be successfully alleged in many other cases. The propriety of eating animal food has been denied by some theorists, on grounds of humanity; but it is plain that such humanity should be repudiated by nobody more emphatically than by the sheep or ox, which has a short but happy life, terminated by a speedy death, in place of simple extermination. The North American buffaloes would probably compound for existence, if they could be consulted, on the terms of supplying butcher's meat to their subduers. A similar argument may be employed in some apparently more doubtful cases, such as vivisection. If that practice is adopted, not wantonly, but for genuine scientific purposes; if it is conducted so as to cause the least possible pain, and if it really appears to lead to valuable medical discoveries, it may be contended that it is permissible to purchase such great benefits at the cost of suffering, in particular cases, such as no fox ever endured from hunting.

There is, however, still a difficulty in making the application of the argument. For, in the first place, we assume that in such cases every care is, or ought to be, taken to make the suffering as little as possible. We do not admit that it is ever allowable to torture an animal unnecessarily, as, for example, to bleed a calf to death in order to improve the meat. There is undoubtedly something revolting in such practices, even though the pleasure to the eater exceeds the suffering to the brute. But, in the next place, the argument proves too much. It would be hard to prove that even a gladiatorial show did not give more pleasure than pain. A small number of men died a sudden death, in order to amuse many thousands of spectators. If they had lived, they would probably have led wretched and brutal lives. Who can say that the total of human happiness was not increased by their destruction?

The answer to this is obvious, and brings us a step further. The utilitarian test applied in this rough fashion is plainly unsatisfactory. If the gladiatorial show gave pleasure, it ought not to have given pleasure; the fact that it did so proved that the minds of the spectators were so brutalized and degraded that they were incapable of the purer kinds of enjoyment. They must have had a strong barbarous element within them, which was strengthened by their indulgence in sights of blood and torture. The immediate benefit in the shape of pleasure was neutralized by what we may call the dynamic effect of the practice—by its tendency to lower the social tone and the moral health of the persons engaged in it. It is from this point of view that we must treat the fox-hunting problem. Fox-hunting does not, it may be, injure the moral nature of its devotees, and perhaps in a very rude state of society the same might be said of man-hunting. Before the humane instincts were called into even rudimentary action, the excitement might be useful, and the cruelty involved be no more degrading than it degrades a cat to torture a mouse. Of course, at a very early period man-hunting would become demoralizing, and Mr. Freeman argues that the same will one day be the case with regard to fox-hunting. If our sympathies extend throughout the brute creation, and our imaginations become more lively, the pleasure of pursuit would be neutralized by our pity for the animal. Mr. Trollope tells us that we would kill a hundred flies without remorse to make a room rather more comfortable. Most people would; but every one has admired Uncle Toby when, instead of killing a fly, he puts it outside the window, and remarks that there is room enough in the world for him and it. If our sensibilities became generally as keen as Uncle Toby's, we should probably shrink from fox-hunting. It is true, as Mr. Trollope very properly urges, that the fox's sufferings are not seen by one person in twenty, and that no part of the pleasure is derived from actually witnessing his torture. This is enough to raise fox-hunting altogether above the brutal sports in which the tortures of an animal are brought vividly before the eyes of the spectator. A man requires an incomparably more brutal temper to watch a badger-baiting than to assist in a fox-hunt, even assuming that the sufferings of the two animals are equal. But if our imaginations were more lively and our sympathies keener, we should feel for the fox, even though he is invisible, and should refuse to purchase pleasure at the price of his torments. The fact that the suffering is more conspicuous in one case than in another affects the morality of the actor, so far as it proves that he may be acting from thoughtlessness or stupidity; but when once the suffering is recognised, it matters little whether it is visible or concealed. It would be the

better for the fox if he could convey his feelings more distinctly; but we may assume that he dislikes being run down and torn to pieces. The question, therefore, may be stated thus—whether it is desirable that our sympathies with a beast should be so keen that we should be incapable of deriving pleasure from a practice which is necessarily painful to him? If so, a practice which deadens that sympathy should be discouraged.

We must add that, before this is decided, it is still necessary to take into account the various benefits, social and sanitary, which are purchased by the fox's misfortunes, and we should fairly consider the remarkable argument that the fox likes it. Of course, if it is a pleasure to him, the whole dispute falls to the ground. As, however, these questions are rather too large for discussion here, we shall leave the point undecided; and will only notice in conclusion the one or two results which follow from this way of stating the problem. In the first place, there is a broad distinction between killing animals for our amusement and killing them for the sake of their flesh or their skins. Killing in the way of business may be conducted with the strictest possible humanity, and the object is in fact to put as speedy an end as possible to a beast which has led a happy life. We probably secure for the creatures which we eat the greatest amount of enjoyment of which they are capable. But a man would be a brute who enjoyed butchering for its own sake, and went to the slaughter-house as to a place of amusement. A butcher of refined tastes would find nothing in his profession incompatible with the most humane feeling. But a man who protracts sufferings, or runs the risk of protracting them, in order to extract pleasure from the pursuit, or to display his skill in the art of slaughter, is certainly running a risk of hardening his sensibility to animal pain. The trapper may do his best to put his victims out of their misery at once; the sportsman is tempted to prolong their miseries for his own pleasure or glorification. Secondly, Mr. Trollope is scarcely fair in suggesting that Mr. Freeman would encourage a morbid sentimentality, or desires a "soft-hearted, rose-leaved, velvet" life for animals in general. Mr. Freeman, we imagine, desires that animals should be put to death for all kinds of purposes, but that we should love them too much to enjoy putting them to death, or to enjoy any amusement of which the infliction of death is an essential part. It is not the fact to which he objects, but the sentiment by which it is accompanied. Nor is there anything necessarily morbid in such a sentiment. A man may be as conscious as possible of the manifold evils and sufferings in the world, and as determined to use all necessary means for promoting general happiness at the price of individual sufferings, however soft his heart. He may be in favour of capital punishment, though he would loathe the sight of an execution. Courage is not produced by a general dullness of feeling, nor is it incompatible with the keenest sensibilities. The most cowardly races inflict suffering on others, and even submit to it themselves with the most stolid indifference. There is nothing inconsistent in the character of a man who would go under fire with the daring of a Nelson, and yet shrink from hurting a fox or even a fly unnecessarily. The progress of civilization which has made us revolt against the coarse brutalities which were necessary to tickle the dull palates of our savage ancestors has not in any degree diminished our readiness to meet danger, or even to adopt stern remedies in case of necessity. We feel, it is true, a stronger conviction that pain is an evil, even when we do not suffer it ourselves, and are more anxious to reduce it to a minimum; but we may feel an equal conviction that it is a necessity under many circumstances, and an equal readiness to encounter it. The morbid sentimentality of which Mr. Trollope speaks, and which certainly exists in many cases, must be encountered, not by deadening our sympathies, but by increasing our motives to heroic action in case of need.

POLITICAL OATHS.

WHEN the *Truce of God* was being preached through Europe in that earlier form which was more strictly called the *Peace of God*, when men were eagerly pledging themselves to abstain from all manner of wrong and violence, and to live in perfect peace and goodwill with every man, one or two Bishops, more worldly-wise than their brethren, stood forth to check the pious contagion. The well-meant zeal of the preachers of peace would, they argued, only make matters worse; the amount of sin in the world would be increased; men would only swear and break their oaths; in a little time they would be robbing and murdering just as before, and would have the guilt of perjury on their souls into the bargain. We have no reason to suppose that these prudent men thought more lightly of the evils of the time than their more enthusiastic fellows; they might be just as zealous in preaching against any form of wickedness, just as full of holy joy when they converted any sinner from the error of his ways, as any of the prophets of peace could be. Their point seems to have been an objection to the oath, an objection to men pledging themselves to do this and that, or to abstain from this and that, when they were more likely to break the oath than to keep it. It was bad for a man to rob and kill, but it was worse for him to rob and kill after he had sworn that he would not rob and kill. We suppose they knew the men of their own age better than we do, otherwise we should have thought that there might be a large class of men who would be less likely to rob and murder after swearing not to do so than if they had not sworn not to do so. We must of course remember that robbery and murder did

not seem quite so frightful in the eleventh century as they do now. Nobody believed them to be right; but in those rough times they did not carry with them such a blackness of wrong as they do in our eyes. They were much on a level with any prevalent vice, which many men commit, but which most men would acknowledge that they were doing wrong in committing. The best modern parallel to the Oath of Peace would be the Temperance Pledge. We are not going to discuss the advantages or disadvantages of that pledge, but we believe that experience shows that there is a class of people who would get drunk if they did not take the pledge, but who do not get drunk if they do take it. Such men of course are neither among the best nor among the worst of men; they are not saints, neither are they hardened sinners; they are men who have a sense of what is right and who wish to do what is right, but who in time of temptation often fall away. They are not exactly the same class as those who would not scruple to tell a lie under ordinary circumstances, but who will tell the truth if they are bound on oath to do so. In the latter case men are impressed by the present solemnity of the oath, by the implied imprecation on themselves if they fail to speak truth in that particular case. This is a much stronger sanction than the mere memory of an oath or promise made in general terms at some earlier time, and which it may perhaps be a mere matter of inference to apply to this particular case. This last is a much weaker safeguard against temptation and against mere thoughtlessness, and it leaves much more room open to subterfuge and self-delusion.

Still, notwithstanding all this, it must be allowed that there was somewhat of worldly wisdom in the prelates who set themselves against the great benevolent movement of their own time. There can be little doubt that many of those who then pledged themselves to keep their hands from all wrong and violence did not in the end keep their oaths, and thereby, in the view of the Bishops, added the sin of perjury to their other sins. We do not know whether it ever came into the heads of those Bishops to carry their own principle a little further, and to doubt of the moral effect of the multiplied oaths—oaths of homage and fealty, and promissory oaths of every kind—of which their age was still more fertile than ours. Yet, both then and now, oaths of this kind are clearly open to objections to which the "sacramentum pacis" and the temperance pledge are not open. The pledge of peace and the pledge of temperance alike bind men to a certain definite course of action; they bind them to abstain from certain outward acts as to whose nature there can be little doubt. A man may break his pledge through forgetfulness or under strong or sudden temptation, but it can hardly happen that he can deliberately persuade himself that he is keeping his pledge when he is really breaking it. The other oaths of every kind, oaths of homage, oaths of admission to office, and the like, were flagrantly broken in that age, as they have always been broken in every age. It was pre-eminently an age of perjury of this kind. Not to trouble ourselves with the doings of Scots or Welshmen, whenever any French or German Prince drew his sword against his King or Emperor, whenever any vassal of those princes drew his sword against them—every time in short when the "man" was other than faithful to his "lord"—there was a breach of the solemn pledges of homage, a breach which undoubtedly incurred the guilt of perjury. And yet the crime was one which happened every day. It was in fact so common, one might almost say that the manners of the time made it so unavoidable, that it did not arouse any special abhorrence. If a man was tricked into swearing unwittingly in a more solemn way than he believed himself to be swearing, a cry might be raised against his wicked irreverence towards the holy persons or things by which he had unwittingly sworn, but the mere moral guilt of breach of promise was thought but lightly of. The natural result of the multiplication of oaths on all occasions is that oaths are lightly taken and lightly broken, that the mass of men take them, if not with a fixed intention of breaking them, yet certainly with no very fixed intention of keeping them; that they gradually sink into mere forms, which serve no purpose except to bring the sanctity of oaths and promises into contempt, and ever and anon to supply a snare to entangle the conscience of some, perhaps not weaker, but more than usually scrupulous brother.

This recklessness as to promissory oaths was one of the great vices of the age of which we have been speaking and of the middle ages in general, and no small traces of the evil remain among us to this day. The questions so often disputed about tests and subscriptions of all kinds are not exactly the same as the question of promissory oaths, but the two have much in common. The oath and the test alike fail to have any effect on the consciences of the unscrupulous, while they ever and anon become a snare to the consciences of the scrupulous. Let us take the highest case of all, the mutual oaths of sovereign and subject. The sentimental view of the case is undoubtedly attractive. That the ruler and his people should be bound to one another by a personal tie, by a promise which each has of himself made with his own lips, is an idea which has much that is pleasing about it. But what is the practical effect upon men's conduct? The coronation oath of the sovereign, the oath of allegiance of the subject, really comes to nothing more than an oath on the part of each to obey the law in their respective spheres. All that they promise to do they were just as much bound, morally and legally, to do before they promised it. The man who has not sworn allegiance owes allegiance just as much as the man who has sworn it, and if he is guilty of any treasonable act, the fact that he has not sworn allegiance will not be received as any excuse.

The question is, Did it ever happen that a man who would otherwise have committed treason was held back from committing it by the remembrance of his oath of allegiance? This is exactly the kind of question which no man can answer for certain; but we should be inclined to think that no such case ever did happen. There are endless ways of getting out of the obligation of an oath of this kind. Of course a man may be utterly reckless of all oaths and all obligations; but we will not suppose a man of that kind. We will suppose a man who wishes to keep his oath, but who also wishes to persuade himself that he is keeping it, or that, if he is breaking it, he is doing right in breaking it. Such a man may argue that the duty of keeping the oath must give way to some duty which in his belief is higher. Or he may hold that the duty of allegiance is cancelled by some wrong which he himself or the nation at large has received from the sovereign to whom it was plighted. Or the allegiance plighted may have been qualified in some way in the terms of the oath itself; it may have been not absolute and unrestricted allegiance, but due allegiance, lawful allegiance, or words to that effect. Where this is the case, the swearer of course holds that he is himself the judge of what is due and lawful, and he can rebel whenever he pleases without being forsworn in his own eyes. In one or other of these ways, the oath may be got over at any time. A broken oath of allegiance has often pressed on the conscience of a repentant traitor; but we should very much doubt whether it has ever held back an intending traitor from his treason.

Look now at the other side—at the oath of the sovereign. An English King simply swears to do what it is equally his duty to do whether he swears it or not. He swears to govern, as his subject swears to obey, according to the law of the land and the dictates of morality. He swears to practise justice and mercy and whatever other virtues become his office. He swears especially to abstain from violating the legal rights of ecclesiastical corporations. He does not swear, what might practically be the best form of oath, to follow the advice of such Ministers as the House of Commons may send him. But it is clear that all that he swears to do a good King will do of his own accord without swearing it. The question then follows, Will a bad King do it any the more for swearing it? We are not mocking either at the coronation oath or at the ceremony of coronation. We believe that a pageant of this kind, a mutual compact between King and people, besides its traditional associations, has a real moral effect. But we doubt greatly whether that moral effect is at all wrought by the binding force of the terms of the oath on the conscience of the sovereign. What has the coronation oath done for the last hundred years? It has done what oaths and tests commonly do; it has laid a snare in the way of a scrupulous conscience. A great act of national justice was delayed for years because an honest, narrow-minded, obstinate King, chose to put a construction on one clause of the oath which the least understanding of its history would have shown to be a false one. And within this present year we have heard fanatics—thoroughly honest fanatics many of them—crying out for the same piece of folly and mischief to be done over again, and for another great wrong to remain unredressed because of the same ridiculous interpretation of the oath. Happily her present Majesty is wiser than her grandfather; but the stumbling-block is there, ready to deceive some future honest and stupid King, ready at any moment to be made either an honest or a dishonest party cry.

Some odd illustrations of these questions are supplied by what is just now going on in France. It is a remarkable illustration of human nature that a power which arose through a flagrant breach of an oath of this kind should think that it gains security by imposing an oath of the same kind upon other people. It is still more remarkable that it should actually have this effect—that the oath to be faithful to the Republic did not hinder Louis Napoleon Buonaparte from becoming President of the Republic, while the oath to be faithful to the "Empire" does hinder several Republicans from taking their seats in the Legislative Body. The truth is that a very unscrupulous man commonly acts on the belief that the mass of mankind are not so unscrupulous as himself, and he is generally safe in acting on that belief. But some other results of the oath are more singular. M. Rochefort, for example, accompanied his declaration that he should take the oath with an intimation that he meant to break it. At this the *Times* was very angry, and seemed to look upon M. Rochefort's moral state as the lowest moral state possible. We certainly do not rank M. Rochefort's morality very high, but we maintain that there are stages of morality much lower still. M. Rochefort's morality is the morality of Thomas Cranmer. Cranmer swore his oath to the Pope, accompanied by a protest, not exactly addressed to the Pope, but so public that the Pope might be fairly expected to hear of it, which practically came to an announcement that he did not mean to keep the oath. We are not sure that it is not the morality of William and Mary when, with uplifted hands, they swore the Scottish coronation oath about rooting out heretics, protesting at the same time that they did not thereby bind themselves to be persecutors. A lower stage than this is the stage of Francis the First, when he agreed to the Treaty of Madrid, making a private protest against it which the other party had no means of knowing. A lower stage again is when a man takes a political oath with the purpose of breaking it, and makes no sort of protest public or private. It is not for us to search for instances, but the *Times*, as a faithful record of the events of the last one-and-twenty years, could no doubt supply them.

VENICE AND TORCELLO.

PERHAPS it is the very strangeness and completeness of the contrast which makes one's first row from Venice to Torcello so hard to forget. Behind the great city sinks slowly into a low line of domes and towers, around dotted here and there over the gleaming surface are the orange sails of trailing market-boats; we skirt the great hay-barges of Mazerbo, whose boatmen bandy *lazzi* and badinage with our gondolier, we glide by a lonely cypress into a broader reach, and before us, across a waste of brown sedge and brushwood, the tower of Torcello rises sharply against the sky. There is something weird and unearthly in the suddenness with which one passes from the bright, luminous waters of the lagoon, barred with soft lines of violet light, and broken with reflections of wall and bell-tower, into this presence of desolation and death. A whole world seems to part those dreary flats broken with lifeless inlets, those patches of sodden fields flung shapelessly among sheets of sullen water, from the life and joy of the Grand Canal. And yet really to understand the origin of Venice, those ages of terror and flight and exile in which the Republic took its birth, we must study them at Torcello. It was from the vast Alpine chain which hangs in the haze of midday like a long dim cloud-line to the north, that the hordes of Hun and Goth burst on the Roman world. Their path lay along the coast trending round to the west, where lost among the little villages that stand out white in the distant shadow lie the sites of Heraclea and Altinum. Across these grey shallows cut by the blue serpentine windings of deeper channels the Romans of the older Venetia fled before Attila or Theodoric or Alboin to found the new. Eastward over Lido, the glimmer of the Adriatic recalls the long centuries of the Pirate war, that struggle for life which shaped into their after-form the government and destinies of Venice. Venice itself, the crown and end of struggle and of flight, lies over shining miles of sea to the south. But it is here that one can best study the story of its birth; it is easier to realize those centuries of exile and buffeting for life amid the dreary flats, the solitude, the poverty of Torcello than beneath the gleaming front of the Ducal Palace or the mosaics of St. Mark.

Here in fact lies the secret of Venetian history, the one key by which it is possible to understand the strange riddle of the Republic. For thirteen centuries Venice lay moored as it were off the coast of Western Europe, without political analogue or social parallel. Its patriciate, its people, its government were not what government or people or patriciate were in other countries of Western Christendom. And this difference lay not in any peculiar institutions which it had developed, or in any novel form of social or administrative order which it had invented, but in the very origin of the State itself. The same age saw the birth of the two great maritime Powers of modern Europe; the settlements of the English in Britain cover the same century with those of the exiles in the Lagoon. But the English colonization was the establishment of a purely Teutonic State on the wreck of Rome, while the Venetian was the establishment of a purely Roman State in the face of the Teuton. Venice in its origin was simply the Imperial province of Venetia floated across to the islands of the shore. Before the successive waves of the northern inroad the citizens of the coast fled to the sandbanks which had long served them as gardens or merchant-ports. The "Chair of Attila," the rough stone seat beside the church of San Fosco, preserves the memory of the destroyer before whom a third part of the people of Altinum fled to Torcello and the islands around. Their city—even materially—passed with them. The new houses were built from the ruins of the old. The very stones of Altinum served for the "New Altinum" which arose on the desolate isle. Inscriptions, pillars, capitals came in the track of the exiles across the lagoon to be worked into the fabric of its cathedral. Neither citizens nor city were changed even in name. They had put out for security a few miles to sea, but the sandbanks on which they landed were still Venetia. The fugitive patricians were neither more nor less citizens of the imperial province because they had fled from Padua or Altinum to Malamocco or Torcello. Their political allegiance was still due to the Empire. Their social organization remained unaffected by the flight. So far were they from being severed from Rome, so far from entertaining any dreams of starting afresh in the "new democracy" which exists in the imagination of Daru and his followers, that the one boast of their annalists is that they are more Roman than the Romans themselves. Their nobles looked with contempt on the barbaric blood which had tainted that of the Colonnas or the Orsini. No Isaurian peasant ever broke the Roman line of Doges as Leo broke the line of Roman Emperors. Venice—as she proudly styled herself in after time—was "the legitimate daughter of Rome." The strip of sea-board from the Brenta to the Isonzo was the one spot in the Empire from the Caspian to the Atlantic where foot of barbarian never trod. And as it rose, so it set. From that older world of which it was a part its history stretched on to the French Revolution untouched by Teutonic influences. The old Roman life which had become strange even to the Capitol lingered unaltered, unimpaired, beside the palace of the duke. It is startling to think that almost within the memory of living men Venice brought Rome—the Rome of Ambrose and Theodosius—to the very doors of the Western world; that the living and unchanged tradition of the Empire passed away only with the last of the Doges. Only on the tomb of Manin could men write truthfully, "Hic jacet ultimus Romanorum."

It is this simple continuance of the old social organization which the barbarians elsewhere overthrew that explains the peculiar character of the Venetian patriciate. In all other countries of the West the new feudal aristocracy sprang from the Teutonic invaders. In Italy itself the noblesse were descendants of Lombard conquerors, or of the barons who followed Emperor after Emperor across the Alps. Even when their names and characters had alike been moulded into Southern form, the "Seven Houses" of Pisa boasted of their descent from the seven barons of Emperor Otto. But the older genealogies of the senators whose names stood written in the Golden Book of Venice ran, truly or falsely, not to Teutonic, but to Roman origins. The Participazio, the Dandolo, the Falieri, the Foscari, told of the flight of their Roman fathers before the barbarian sword from Pavia, Gaeta, Fano, Messina. Every quarter of Italy had given its exiles, but above all the coast from Ravenna to Trieste. It was especially a flight and settlement of nobles. As soon as the barbaric hordes had swept away to the South the farmer and the peasant would creep back to his fields and his cabin. But the patrician would remain camped as before in his garden-villa, among a crowd of dependants, his fishermen, his dock-labourers. Throughout the long ages which followed this original form of Venetian society remained unchanged. The populace of dependants never grew into a people. To the last fisherman and gondolier clung to the great houses of which they were the clients, as the fishers of Torcello had clung to the great nobles of Altinum. No difference of tradition or language or blood parted them. Tradition, on the contrary, bound them together. No democratic agitator could appeal from the present to the past, as Rienzi invoked the memories of the Tribune against the feudal tyranny of the Colonnas. In Venice the past and present were one. The patrician of Venice simply governed the State as his fathers, the curials of Padua or Aquileia, had governed the State ten centuries before him. Elsewhere the history of mediæval Italy had sprung from the difference of race and tradition between conquered and conquerors, between Lombard noble and Italian serf. The communal revolt of the twelfth century, the democratic Constitutions of Milan or of Bologna, were in effect a rising of race against race, the awakening of a new people in the effort to throw off the yoke of the stranger. The huge embattled piles which flung their dark shadows over the streets of Florence tell of the ceaseless war between *Lanzone* and people. The famous penalty by which some of the democratic communes condemned a recreant cobbler or tinker to "descend" as his worst punishment "into the order of the noblesse," tells of the hate and issue of the struggle between them. But no trace of struggle or of hate breaks the annals of Venice. There is no people, no democratic Broletto, no Hall of the Commune. The palaces of Torcello or Rialto were houses, not of war, but of peace; no dark masses of tower and wall, but bright with marbles and frescoes, and broken with arcades of fretted masonry.

In a word, Venice to her very close was a city of nobles, the one place in the modern world where the old senatorial houses of the fifth century lived and ruled as of old. But it was a city of Roman nobles. The Teutonic passion for war and scorn of commerce was strange and unknown to the curial houses of the Italian municipalities, as it had been strange and unknown to the greatest houses of Rome. The Senator of Padua or Aquileia, of Concordia, Altinum, or Ravenna, had always been a merchant, and in his new refuge he remained a merchant still. Venice was no "crowd of poor fishermen," as it has been sometimes described, who were gradually drawn to wider ventures and a larger commerce. The port of Aquileia had long been the emporium of a trade which reached northwards to the Danube and eastward to Byzantium. What its merchants had been at Aquileia they remained at Grado. The commerce of Altinum simply transferred itself to Torcello. The Paduan merchants passed to their old port of Rialto. Vague and rhetorical as is the letter of Cassiodorus, it shows how keen was the mercantile activity of the State from its beginning. Nothing could be more natural, more continuous in its historical development; nothing was more startling, more incomprehensible to the new world which had grown up in barbaric moulds. The nobles of Henry VIII's Court could not restrain their sneer at "the fishermen of Venice," the stately patricians who could look back from merchant-noble to merchant-noble through ages when the mushroom houses of England were unheard of. Only the genius of Shakespeare seized the grandeur of a social organization which was still one with that of Rome and Athens and Tyre. The merchant of Venice is with him "a royal merchant." His "argosies o'ertop the petty traffickers." At the moment when feudalism was about to vanish away, the poet comprehended the grandeur of that commerce which it scorned, and the grandeur of the one State which had carried the nobler classic tradition across ages of brutality and ignorance. The great commercial State, whose merchants are nobles, whose nobles are Romans, rises in all its majesty before us in the *Merchant of Venice*.

THE CONGÉ D'ÉLIRE.

WE did our best a little time back to set forth the somewhat elaborate process by which an English Bishop becomes a Bishop. We tried to disabuse the public mind of the strange belief that a whole string of ecclesiastical offices can be vacated and filled by the mere stroke of a Prime Minister's pen, or perhaps

by the yet easier process of setting afloat a rumour. We know not how far our labours may have been successful; they certainly have not been wholly successful; for within a very few days we have seen works advertised by the Bishop of Exeter and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, two personages who as yet are not in being, although some steps have been taken towards their creation. And more lately still the papers have begun to record the actions of a mysterious person who is described as the "Bishop Nominated of Oxford." To carry out our old pet analogy of Bishops and Brides, the error against which we strove was very much as if, as soon as it begins to be whispered that Miss Snooks is engaged to Mr. Tomkins, all the world were to begin to address her by the title of Mrs. Tomkins. Or rather, as in most cases of ecclesiastical preferment an old possessor has to move out before a new possessor can move in, the truer analogy might be sought in a higher walk of life. The fashion of calling a man by a title which still belongs to another may be thought to be as if Anne Boleyn had been called Queen of England from the moment that King Harry had made up his mind to be, one way or another, divorced from Katharine of Aragon. The analogy is nearly perfect, for is not the Bishop married to his see?—married so perfectly and indissolubly that it has been gravely argued that the translation of a Bishop involved the guilt of adultery. But leaving these subtleties, we have come back to the subject, because, besides its legal and historical curiosity, besides the utter confusions which beset the subject in the popular mind, there are one or two aspects of the matter, especially with regard to the part of the business called the *congé d'élire*, which may lead to some reflexions of a rather wider scope.

Nothing at first sight seems more unreal and unreasonable, not to use stronger words, than that a body of men should be required by law to elect to a vacant office and at the same time required to elect only the person who may be named to them by another. For it is to be remembered that the process is really an election; it is not a simple ministerial process. It is not even like the institution of an incumbent by the Bishop, where the Bishop can, under certain circumstances, reject the candidate, but where he has not, even in form, any original choice as to who the candidate shall be. The Chapter do not merely go through some form of admission. They do substantially elect. The process is very different from what any one would think from the accounts in the papers. For instance, a paragraph went about describing the election of a Bishop of Bath and Wells, to the effect that the letter recommendatory was read and that Lord Arthur Hervey was "declared elected." To this the *Times*, with its usual ill luck, added that the Dean of Wells "preached"—a statement which was true only in the sense in which the Mayor or Sheriff may be said to "preach" in the address with which he opens an election of another kind. Now Lord Arthur Hervey was not merely "declared elected" on the reading of a letter; he was as distinctly elected as any member of Parliament who is elected without a contest. He was proposed and seconded by two members of the Chapter in speeches which at least were not prescribed by royal authority, and which were received by the assembly with cheering as loud as was seen in men clad in surplices and sitting in their stalls in chapter. If we said that the Dean then asked whether any elector had any other candidate to propose, we should perhaps be translating some venerable ecclesiastical formula into the language of profane life. But he certainly made a proclamation, if not in those words, yet at least to that effect, and when that proclamation was not followed by the nomination of any other candidate, then, and not before, Lord Arthur Hervey was declared duly elected.

Now, as far as all outward appearance went, here was such an election as might happen if, by any odd chance, the letter missive should drop out by the way, and the *congé d'élire* come alone into the hands of the Chapter. The effect of such an accident would be to give the Chapter an absolutely free choice. The *congé d'élire*, it should always be remembered, simply asserts the "fundamental rights" of the Crown—rights derived, as may happen, from Edward the Elder or from King Harry—or, in the case of the see of Manchester, inherent in her present Majesty herself. It acknowledges the "undoubted right" of the Chapter to elect, and contains not a word inconsistent with perfect freedom of election. It is only the letter missive or letter recommendatory which recommends a particular candidate, and which towards the end, by "requiring" the electors "to act according to law," hints somewhat delicately at the terrors of premonition lurking behind. But the election of Lord Arthur Hervey was, to all outward appearance, as free as if no letter recommendatory had been read. It was more than a form. An Act of Parliament may compel men to go through a form of election, or any other form. But it cannot compel men to make speeches which have every appearance of being sincere; above all, it cannot compel men to cheer. Neither can it compel men to assemble from a distance who know that the mere legal process could go on just as well without them, and who give every sign of being personally eager to have a share in the business. As far as an outsider can judge, Lord Arthur Hervey may come to his diocese in the full assurance that he has not been forced upon an unwilling Chapter, but has been, if not freely, at least willingly, chosen by them.

Yet it is impossible to believe that, if there had been no letter missive and no premonition, Lord Arthur Hervey would have been the spontaneous choice of the Chapter of Wells. A body of Somersetshire clergymen would not be likely to have pitched,

of their own heads, on a divine from the other end of England, of whom everything that is known is creditable, but of whom to people in general not very much is known. If left to themselves, they would doubtless have chosen either some man of local prominence who was known to themselves, or some man of general reputation who was known to everybody. We may be sure that nothing but the Queen's letter recommendatory would have guided their thoughts in the direction of the Archdeacon of Sudbury. When he was suggested, they could conscientiously and willingly accept him, but they would never have thought of him for themselves. Now this is a curious state of things, where a man is elected, really elected willingly, we might say eagerly, while it is nevertheless certain that none of the electors would have thought of him if he had not been set before them by a power whose will is not to be resisted. It is easy to say that the whole thing is a farce; in a certain sense it is; but that is rather a shallow way of looking at it. The way in which a Bishop is elected is simply the way in which a great part of human affairs is got through. Nothing better illustrates the manner in which, as we have sometimes noticed on other occasions, men constantly act in a way which is perfectly honest and sincere, but which is at the same time thoroughly artificial. Every day of our lives we do something or other which we should of ourselves never have thought of doing, which at first we perhaps rather dislike doing, but which, when we find that we cannot help doing it, we do with a good grace, and in the end almost persuade ourselves that we acted of our own choice. In all sorts of circumstances of life we receive a sort of *congé d'élire*; we are laid under an irresistible necessity of acting, and of acting, to all appearance, of our own free will; and we also receive a sort of letter recommendatory in the shape of other circumstances which make it pretty well impossible to act in any way but one. And there is no sort of affair in which this kind of necessity is laid upon us more commonly than in elections and appointments, often in elections and appointments of a nature most widely removed from those of Bishops. How often do we hear it said of any one who has to elect or appoint to any office, that "he could not help" appointing A.B., though it may be perfectly well known that A.B. is not the man whom he would have chosen if he could have helped it. And yet we can understand that, having to appoint A.B., being driven to do so, not by the legal danger of a premonition, but by a practical compulsion which is hardly less irresistible, he does in the end appoint A.B. cheerfully and, in a certain sense, willingly. To take the highest case of all, something of the kind must constantly happen to Sovereigns in the choice of their Ministers. Somebody must be chosen, and the voice of the National Assembly or of the nation itself, whether in the shape of a formal vote or of indications which can no more be safely despised than a formal vote can, makes it perfectly plain who that somebody must be. The Apostle speaks of his converts being themselves his epistle, and the people of England were last autumn their own letter recommendatory, a letter whose force could not be misunderstood, in favour of Mr. Gladstone. A constitutional Sovereign must over and over again choose Ministers whom his own personal wishes would not lead him to choose; but he doubtless learns to adapt his own will, gracefully and at last willingly, to the will of his people. And in the particular case of electing Bishops, we must not forget that, before the letter recommendatory is addressed by the Sovereign to the Chapter, an earlier letter recommendatory, or something to the same effect, is addressed by the Prime Minister to the Sovereign. No one indeed supposes that the Sovereign is so completely tied and bound, so wholly cut off from the exercise of a personal will in the matter, as the Chapter is. We can understand the Sovereign pressing a particular nomination, or objecting to a particular nomination, and doing both with effect. But no one supposes that every Bishop who is nominated is any more the unfettered personal choice of the Queen than he is the unfettered personal choice of the Chapter. Nay, we can even understand that a Prime Minister may sometimes find it necessary to recommend a Bishop, as he assuredly often finds it necessary to recommend official persons of other kinds, for whose promotion he has no real personal wish, but whose promotion is, on some public ground or other, felt to be unavoidable.

The *congé d'élire* and letter missive in fact do nothing but put into legal shape in one particular case a process which happens in a practical shape in nearly every relation of life. The Act of Henry the Eighth especially did but put into legal shape a process which existed both before and afterwards both with regard to Bishoprics and to other offices. We have often insisted on this before. The Old Foundation Chapters went on for centuries electing such Deans as the Crown recommended, though they were in no way bound by any fear of premonition to do so. At last an illegal nomination within our own memory led to one absolutely free election, though followed by a legislative transfer of the nomination by the Crown. It is not to be supposed that during all that time the nomination of the Crown always happened to fall in with the real wish of the Chapter, but when they could legally obey it, they did obey it. So the Fellows of Magdalen under James the Second did not kick at a royal recommendation as such; they kicked only at a recommendation to elect a candidate who was both legally and morally disqualified. We do not defend the present mode of appointing Bishops; we suppose nobody does. But it is a study in many ways; it is a legal and historical curiosity, and it illustrates several aspects of human nature. It cannot be defended on any principle, but it is easy to

see how it arose historically, and, when examined into, it does not seem to be, even morally, quite so monstrous as it looks at first sight.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE Smithfield Club Cattle Show is perhaps, for Londoners, the most marked sign of the approach of Christmas, and it is somewhat curious that an exhibition which can have real interest for very few should be regarded with something more than curiosity by the multitude. No doubt the suspicion that the interest exhibited is feigned rather than real is not without foundation, for it can scarcely be supposed that one in a hundred of those who anxiously ask whether it is a "good Show" can care one atom whether it is a good one or a bad one; and, moreover, if instead of making these tender inquiries they all went to see for themselves, probably not one in a hundred would be able to pronounce a judgment. For really, to the unskilled, there is nothing to distinguish the average of one Show from the average of another. A few more or a few less animals, the difference between a Scot or a Hereford or a Devon taking the chief premium, are the only features that can remain in the memory. Still, if it were only because it is a reason for our rural friends, boiling over with rude health and overwhelming spirits, coming amongst us, we should be sorry to lose the Cattle Show. Yet, whenever we meet them, the question we ask is—and we have never had it answered to our satisfaction—what is the good of the Cattle Show in its bearing upon agriculture? The waste is admitted—the enormous waste—of piling on the frames of the unhappy beasts we see at Islington those mountains of fat flesh; meat so fat that it cannot be consumed in the ordinary way as human food, and which costs treasure, enormous anxiety, unsleeping energy, and much pain to produce. The animals shown, with the exception of the cows, are never, and are not intended to be, used for reproductive purposes; from their birth their destiny is determined to be the Christmas Show and the butcher's knife. The theory that these exhibitions demonstrate the peculiar fitness and capabilities of certain breeds for meat-making purposes breaks down because we don't know the whole of the facts. If anything were actually proved by these Shows they would have their value. But the only result arrived at is that it is possible to produce a certain weight of beef and mutton on one frame in certain symmetrical forms; that is the problem set, and it is, as we see from year to year, fairly solved. Things are not perhaps nowadays so bad as they were formerly, when the prize went to the hugest animal without respect to the usefulness of the meat; but still the prizes go to, and the competition is between, animals altogether too fat for consumption. Our complaint is, that we have not enough information provided to enable us to form comparisons as between different breeds or different animals, leading to results of any economic worth. It is by no means enough that the final result, in the shape of the finished ox or fatted sheep, should be put before the world, but we want to know the cost of the materials of which it is composed. Let it be said what the animal's weight is, what he consumed in growing to that weight, and what the cost is of what he ate. In short, let the public know the cost of the carcass per pound. Then the world would have information of value, and real assistance would be afforded towards answering the question of how to give cheaper meat to the masses—a problem that appears in practice to defy solution. How to increase the weight of meat produced in these islands seems to be the most pressing agricultural question, and one which, as a very important topic in the national economy, concerns the whole people. The experiments made in the importation of meats from the more distant regions of the globe, with the exception of the beef and bacon of North America, have not hitherto been successful. We hoped to have found at the Islington Hall, in bold competition with our native produce, the Australian meats which have recently excited so much attention, and on which we elsewhere offer some results of our own observation; but, whatever the merits of these meats may be, the conductors have missed a grand chance of publicity in failing to give the public the opportunity of tasting them, as they might appropriately have done, at the Show. Another scheme is on its trial. A vessel especially constructed for the purpose is, we believe, now on her way out to South America in order to bring home from thence a cargo of live oxen. Even if they survive the perils of the voyage in numbers sufficient to make the adventure profitable—and no doubt the merchants have satisfied themselves that there is little risk under that head—we scarcely expect to see these animals arriving here in such condition as to be fit for the butcher. So that, if our anticipations are correct, our farmers will still have to put the flesh upon the frames. And then the question will be, as it is now with our own home-bred stock, how to do this most rapidly and most economically.

And this brings us to a fact which we did observe at the Cattle Show. The catalogue gives a description of the food on which the cattle and pigs have been fed; there is no doubt some good reason why it does not give the same information about the sheep; and we noticed that the cases in which grass had formed any part of the diet of the animals were a small minority. Various feeders adopted various mixtures, *quot homines tot sententia*; but the elements of all the diets are to be found in this list—wheat, beans, tares, pease, Indian corn, lentils, oats, barley, malt, linseed in the way of grain; linseed and other oil-cake; hay, roots, and cabbages;

and treacle; the whole mixture, whatever it may have been, seasoned with some savoury condiment provided by the professed "cattle-food" makers. And the lesson these dietaries teach is not difficult to learn; in it is the confirmation of what has before been suggested—namely, that the pasture lands of this country do not really provide so much food or bear so many animals as they would do if put under the plough. There is a prejudice in favour of grass-fed meat. When we see at our greatest fat-beast show that not an animal there is a grass-fed beast—and it is to be presumed that the meat of these prize animals cannot be surpassed—is it not a strong proof that grass diet is not the best for the ox tribe? It may be said, and with truth, that our pastures produce, and are needed to produce, the excellent butter and cheese we enjoy. But America runs us hard in cheese, and in America the scorching summer leaves no grass worthy the name of pasture. And if this grass-made meat and butter and cheese are as good as is contended, there will be found people contented to pay an extra price for them. The country, however, wants quantity; and if the quality is not quite so delicate or the flavour so fine, there are plenty of stomachs with hunger sharp enough for sauce to hide their defects. The lack is of meat food, and every acre of land should be made to produce the greatest quantity possible. If that end can be obtained by keeping it in pasture, so let it remain; but if by employing it to grow vegetables or roots or clover to supplement a diet of imported corn or oilcake, then let it be turned into arable. There really appears to be no limit to the quantity of corn which may be imported, and its manufacture, so to speak, into meat is the work which our farmers have to do. And by working in this way, while the public will get more meat, they will at the same time obtain more bread and malt in turn, because, while growing more meat, more manure will be made to stimulate the land under corn. While, too, this system is more profitable to the nation, we believe it is also more profitable to the farmer. Pasture farms may be less troublesome to manage, may require less capital to work; but increase the capital and increase the energy and enterprise, and, acre for acre, arable against pasture, the former is by far the more lucrative to the worker, while it gives greater employment for labour, and, as we have said, provides more food for the nation. But the whole question cannot be discussed except by those who know by experience the results which each system will give. What the public want to know generally is how to obtain their meat in the cheapest way, and the mere spectacle of enormous animals fed to the pitch of perfection, if perfection it be, teaches nothing unless the cost be known. At any rate the feeders and breeders seem to have no faith in grass, and it is something to have learned this. To illustrate the capabilities and power of meat-producing given by the employment of feeding stuffs not grown on the farm, if our memory does not deceive us, both in 1864 and in 1868, when the summers were so hot as to cause the failure of all green and root crops, some of the best—and, what is more to the point, the best-conditioned—animals were exhibited that have ever been seen at the London Cattle Shows.

It is superfluous to say that the Islington Hall is perfectly adapted for these and similar exhibitions, and that the animals can be viewed there with the utmost comfort; but still there is a marvel in the number of people who go to see them. They are not in the mass farmers, nor feeders, nor dealers, nor butchers, nor butchers' men, and it is very hard to divine what interest the non-experts can find in this spectacle. There are always people who like to view giants and suchlike monstrosities, and perhaps the people who go to the Cattle Show are of this order. There is somewhat of nobility and grandeur in the mass and carriage of a big ox, and nobility and grandeur are always worshipped, although the labour and anxiety of possessing so bulky a carcass give him a look of uneasiness and discomfort. The popular fancy seems to be divided between these monsters of the Show, who are saluted with exclamations of respect and of wonder, and the unclean pigs, whose apartment does not smell less unsavoury than usual, notwithstanding the promise of better ventilation. We would suggest better drainage as the remedy wanted. These animals appear to afford intense amusement. They have no pretence to dignity or grandeur, and people seem to pity them as unfortunate victims to the sin of greediness. If they have been greedy they have been sorely tempted. Delicacies of all sorts have been, as we learn from the catalogue, spread before them, generally seasoned with spices and condiments, and in some cases with another something to stimulate the jaded appetite, which is called a "Medicated Mystery." We were rather puzzled by finding that one fat fellow had been fed on "rivets," but we found from another dietary scale that this probably meant "Rivett's wheat." Fat seems to carry the day, and most pitiable was the condition of the prize animals, whose noses, propped up by wooden blocks, are just visible, the fat of the neck having grown forward so that the eyes have been extinguished. There certainly is occasionally something comic in the stupid, yet happy, look of these snoring masses of fat. As for the sheep, none but the really learned show much care about them, and with the learned seeing is not believing, for there is so much dodging in the matter of clipping and shearing, and there are such good opportunities to hide the hollow or defective places by management of the wool, that careful handling is the only means whereby to judge. And, after all that we can see at the Show, the people who have a genuine admiration for these obese animals would bid us follow them to the bitter end,

and admire their carcasses when they are hung up for the butcher's glory and the adornment of his shop. We confess that we are content with what we can see at the Show.

M. DE LÉSSEPS AND HIS CANAL.

FROM the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, the Suez Canal is a work so exceptional and extraordinary that it is hardly possible to comment on it or its projector without falling back on commonplace. You are almost constrained to exhaust yourself in expletives, and appreciation, not to say flattery, repeats itself. But it is obvious that the merit of the scheme lies much less in the conception than in the execution, and less in the scientific ingenuity that directed the labour than in the tenacity of purpose and versatility of tact that made it practicable at all. Even without steaming across the Isthmus one may form a very tolerable idea of the physical difficulties that have been overcome. But it is impossible to have any conception of the preliminary political and moral obstacles which M. de Lesseps has vanquished unless you have travelled through Egypt by express trains shunted aside for hours, where time is ever slipping through fingers too listless to close upon it, and where the national energy seems a monopoly of the donkey-boys and dancing dervishes. England has done M. de Lesseps scanty justice hitherto. The tone held by a great part of the English press and by some of the leading English engineers, and reflected by English opinion generally, created not the least formidable of the difficulties past which he has had to find his way. At once a practical and a speculative people, with a keen eye to the main chance and a reputation for not letting patriotic considerations greatly influence its investments, the nearly absolute abstention of English capitalists was the most eloquent condemnation of the Suez scheme. After stumping England in vain, M. de Lesseps, disappointed if not discouraged, had to turn away to find his money elsewhere. We laughed at his figures as Aladdin's dreams, and listened as to Arabian tales to his engineers when they reported progress. But, as the French say, those laugh best who laugh last, and now that we have seen with our eyes we are fain to confess that his desert Canal was no mirage of his brain, and that the future he dreamed for it may very possibly prove to the world, if not to shareholders, a sober reality. Any one who has met M. de Lesseps in the very hour of his triumph—genial, unaffected, methodical, and imperturbably good-humoured, with time to spare for every trifle at the very moment when the work of his life was being tested, with a civil word for every unfortunate tourist among a rush of crowned heads to do him honour—has the key to his success. At once sanguine to an excess and yet to all outward seeming absolutely unsusceptible to depression, his buoyancy has floated his coadjutors and his scheme as well as himself. In the East, more than anywhere else, it is the first step that costs; and even when the first step was made across the Isthmus, fresh and unconsidered contingencies were continually arising to be disposed of. The system of forced labour—which, whatever we may think of it, formed the very keystone of his calculations—was cut from beneath his feet. There were beds of sandstone hidden away under sand, to be excavated under water; there was the enormous excess of an expenditure based upon no estimate; there was the inadequacy of all known machines to abnormal labours, to say nothing of the initiatory difficulty of turning on along the whole line of desert a constant and copious supply of Nile water. If its projector had at any moment lost heart, if his confidence in himself or his plans had even seemed to falter, his whole scheme and the credit of his Company must have collapsed; his reputation, to say nothing of his fortune, would have been left at the mercy of a body of indignant shareholders. Chance blended with skill in the game, and uncertainties over which he had no control have on the whole told against him. He has played it with equal ability, coolness, and patience, and we can only hope that he may win the stakes as well as the honour.

The Canal is made, and the work is well done so far as it goes. This is proved by the draught of vessels that passed through it under circumstances more exceptional and more severely trying than it is ever likely to be exposed to again. M. de Lesseps showed almost a reckless confidence in throwing it open to all comers, and leaving it to Egyptian authorities to attempt the marshalling of the jealous rush of rival ships. Nay, more, he embarked himself and his friends in the *Messageries Impériales* boat, the *Peluse*, the heaviest and most unwieldy of them all. It was a bold stroke, and quite of a piece with the game he has played throughout. Barring occasional groundings, which, hampering the line, made the trial the heavier, the result completely justified his confidence, as far at least as the opening ceremony was concerned. But, however satisfactory the opening may have been, there is little doubt that much remains to be done, and that a good deal will always have to be doing. First of all is the awkward access at Port Said. The Nile drift sweeps round from west to east, depositing heavily against a coast that is never scoured by counter-currents. The drift brought up by the western breakwater at Port Said has formed large accretions of land behind it, and the lighthouse, which ought to have stood on the very edge of the beach, is already carried a full quarter of a mile inland. The breakwater must be lengthened out into deeper water, and, as time goes on, in spite

of all dredging, the race between the growing land and the lengthening jetty must be prolonged indefinitely. Then for the jetty itself. The foundation stones only were deliberately lowered to their places; the superstructure is simply of *pierres perdues*, blocks cast down at random. The result is a wall that breaks the water certainly, but is everywhere pervious to sand and mud, and in which the intervals between the stones are so great as utterly to defy all process of cementing, either natural or artificial. Of course dredgers must be kept indefatigably going in the channel within; they had been labouring hard there, it is understood, up to the day, and nearly to the hour, of the opening ceremony. It is a labour of Sisyphus which they dare not suspend until the breakwater shall become solid wall, and then the work must be transferred to the back of it. Still, as the channel may be a wide one, this is merely matter of greater or smaller outlay. The difficulty of keeping its entrance open being disposed of, or rather arranged for, the next is that of keeping the channel itself open in all its length against drifting sands or crumbling banks. For the first, the Canal fortunately runs in great measure through what is rather gravel than sand. There are two sections, however, where the engineers indicated the drift as likely to be serious; places where the surface is stirred by every breeze, and where a storm changes the whole face of the desert. One of them is between Lakes Timsah and Ballah, the other near Serapeum. So far as one could gather from the banks, however, little mischief had as yet been threatening at either of these places, although near Tossoum a precautionary wall of stone had been thrown up. Mr. Hawkshaw, in his report, estimated that danger lightly, as well as the cost of obviating it, and his prevision seems so far to be justified by results. Of course, so long as the Canal remains comparatively narrow as it is now, the action of passing vessels on the banks of sand must be serious. Fortunately for them, paddles are going out fast; the commerce from the great ports is almost entirely carried in screws, and even the competing passenger Companies are following the example set them in their struggle after economy. The *Guéenne*, one of the finest of the *Messageries Impériales* fleet, has just made her last voyage on wheels from Port Said to Marseilles. With only screws and sailing ships in transit, the wash will be much reduced; and after a time, when the banks, which in places are certainly too steeply pitched, have found their strongest slope, and when the fallen debris has been dredged away, they will offer a steadier resistance. Still, if the traffic becomes as considerable as it may be hoped it will, of two things one or both will happen, as the case may be. The Canal must be greatly widened, or the banks must be solidly faced. It would seem, however, that the first is an absolute necessity if the artery between the seas is not to be subject to continual obstructions which would prove fatal to the life of the scheme; if the necessary dredging is to be carried on without prejudice to the traffic; finally, if the necessity for dredging is to be in great measure superseded, and if the security of the banks is to be secured at a moderate outlay. Of course it must be matter of experience whether any reasonable widening will obviate altogether the necessity for building the banks down below the action of the side wash with solid stone and mortar. Near to the Suez *embouchure*, between that and the Bitter Lakes, where the soil is fortunately comparatively tenacious, the bare action of the tide is most severe upon them. It evidently rises and falls several feet; it was running over three knots when the fleet steamed through against it. There, indeed, for some kilometres the sides had already been strengthened by a facing of loose stones; but in spite of all they are understood to have shown evident signs of damage as the last ship of the line went past them, and—although, after an ample experience, it would be weak to pin faith on Alexandrian canards—it is said there that half those stones have already slipped down and subsided into the bed of the stream. Those who marked the action of the water on them will have little difficulty in believing that their doing so is only a question of time. This is certain, however; the Canal is so far opened to trade that an English 800-ton ship laden with coal was met on the 24th, near Lake Timsah, being towed through it.

The sum of the matter seems to be, that M. de Lesseps, being a projector and not an engineer, has given the world a highly useful work, and in doing so has largely exceeded his original estimate. It has cost already at least twice what he indicated, probably half as much again as he believed. For its completion several millions and several years more or less are absolutely necessary. For its support the outlay will probably be very much greater than was contemplated by the ablest of the independent engineers who favoured the scheme. Few men, we should fancy, would be found now to contract for the working expenses at the modest sum of 62,000*l.* But, after all, it is one of those schemes which can hardly succeed or fail by halves, and if the trade of Europe and Asia once take that line, almost any outlay within the limits of probability might be met under judicious management. M. de Lesseps, in fixing on an early day for the opening, was probably constrained by the presence of obvious and irresistible circumstances. If he is to have an assured and permanent success, before doing much more he must take time and find money. It is to be hoped that the severe test to which he submitted his work, with the cloud of dispassionate and capable witnesses whom he assembled from all countries to witness it, will help him to find all that he is likely to require.

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THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS AND M. VEUILLOT.

THE question might be raised, and indeed has been raised, whether M. Veuillot was "a foeman worthy of the steel" of so distinguished an antagonist as the Bishop of Orleans. The unsavoury author of the *Parfum de Rome*, and the habitual "accuser of his brethren" in language which the ordinary decencies even of religious controversy are happily held to exclude, might well be left, if this were all, to the inevitable Nemesis of his own petty malignity. But it must be remembered that the personal insignificance of a writer is not always the measure of his influence. And circumstances have given to the editor of the *Univers* an importance which no intrinsic qualities of his own could ever claim. His paper is the faithful, however feeble, echo of the Roman *Civiltà*, and the *Civiltà* boasts, not without reason, that it is the echo of the Holy See. Dr. Manning's organ in this country not many weeks ago went out of its way to express its admiration of that "devoted champion of the Church" whom Mgr. Dupanloup has selected for his righteous rebukes, and has assailed the Bishop, ever since he dared to open his lips against its pet dogma, with a virulence, an insolence, and a studied misrepresentation to which Protestant journalism of the extreme type affords no parallel. Ultramontane critics are fond of twitting Anglicans with disrespect to their bishops. We should be surprised to learn that either the *Church Times* or the *Record* had formally communicated to its readers the intelligence that the Bishop of Oxford's vote on the Irish Church Bill was due to the Queen's having promised him the see of Winchester on condition of his taking the lead of the Disestablishment party in the Church. But last week's *Tablet*, not content with hurling three separate articles at the devoted head of the Bishop of Orleans—one expressly composed in vindication of the meek and suffering saint he had so cruelly assailed, and another more than insinuating that his last Pastoral opens with a falsehood—adds a paragraph, in its largest type and in the most conspicuous portion of its news columns, to the effect that "his late unhappy letter" (whether the Pastoral or the *Avertissement* does not appear) "is generally attributed in well-informed quarters" to the Emperor's having offered him the see of Lyons "in consideration of his taking the lead of the Gallican party." This is pretty well for a Catholic comment on one of the most illustrious of living Catholic bishops. If there is such a thing as desiring to be saved from one's friends, there are also cases where one may feel grateful to one's enemies, and Mgr. Dupanloup may safely console himself with the reflection that the tactics of his assailants can only strengthen his claim on the respect of all upright and honourable men. Even "Janus" is less damaging to the infallibilist cause than the championship of its chosen advocates. So zealous indeed is the *Tablet* in its vindication of the rights of the Papacy against the Episcopate that it broadly intimates that almost every heresy that ever disturbed the Church had a bishop for its author or its patron. It would surely be better if so needless and dangerous an institution were dispensed with altogether, and the Pope and the Jesuits were to manage the Church by themselves, without any intervention of the Episcopate. It may, however, be supposed by our readers that the direct and very damaging intelligence given by the *Tablet* about the Bishop's motives would hardly have been ventured upon without good authority. We may therefore remind them that still more positive assertions were made in that journal some months ago about the Roman Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which it did not even attempt to substantiate when challenged to do so. More recently it enumerated by name three Catholic writers as among "the most noisy opponents of Pontifical privileges"—meaning Papal infallibility—one of whom only had discussed the subject at all, and that very temperately and learnedly, in one of his published works, while another (Mr. Ffoulkes) has even used language in a subsequent publication which decidedly favours the infallibilist theory. Mgr. Dupanloup may rest easy under the personal imputations of his Ultramontane critics. And now let us turn to the pamphlet itself, which takes the form of a letter to his clergy, containing his *Avertissement* to the editor of the *Univers*. Its general drift and purport may be gathered from a passage at the commencement:—

Vous vous donnez dans l'Eglise, Monsieur, un rôle qui n'est plus tolérable.

Vous, simple laïque, un de ces écrivains dont un de NN. SS. les Evêques disait hier dans vos colonnes mêmes, "qu'ils n'ont aucune autorité, et ne sont rien dans l'Eglise," vous y usurpez étrangement :

Vous agitez et troublez les esprits dans l'Eglise ;

Vous faites une sorte de pieuse émeute à la porte du Concile ;

Vous lui tracez sa marche ; vous posez des questions que le Saint-Père n'a pas posées ; vous parlez de définitions, selon vous, "inévitables ;" vous en dites le mode et la forme ;

Vous tranchez les questions de doctrine et de discipline, vous vous constituez juge entre les Evêques, pour déshonorer les uns et dominer les autres ; vous prenez parti pour ou contre eux sur les points de la théologie "les plus graves, les plus délicats et les plus complexes ;"

Vous insultez, dénoncez, et mettez au ban du Catholicisme tous les catholiques qui ne pensent ou ne parlent pas comme vous.

J'éleve donc à mon tour la voix, et je viens opposer aux entreprises dont je vous accuse un solennel avertissement.

J'accuse vos usurpations sur l'épiscopat, et votre intrusion perpétuelle dans ses plus graves et plus délicates affaires.

J'accuse surtout vos excès de doctrines, votre déplorable goût pour les questions irritantes, et pour les solutions violentes et dangereuses.

Je vous accuse d'accuser, d'insulter et de calomnier vos frères dans la foi. Nul ne mérita jamais plus que vous ce mot sévère des Livres Saints : *Accusator fratrum!*

Par dessus tout, je vous reproche de rendre l'Eglise complice de vos violences, en donnant pour sa doctrine, par une rare audace, vos idées les plus personnelles.

The Letter itself is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with M. Veuillot's treatment of Liberalism, the second with his treatment of Papal infallibility. On the former point the *Univers* is convicted of the most glaring inconsistencies. Twenty years ago it spoke of Liberalism as a "splendid and most legitimate movement of the age"; every illiberal principle was "anti-Christian," liberty of worship and education were "founded on the eternal rights of conscience." Now, on the contrary, liberty, progress, civilization, and modern society are all included in one sweeping condemnation. The Liberal party in the Church are "bad Catholics, accomplices of heretics, nay, themselves heretics." "They subject the Church to the State, they forget her divine constitution; they pretend to discuss the proceedings of the Holy Ghost." The modern spirit is "the mystery of Babel." As to heresy, the Bishop observes that M. Veuillot may take what side he likes in politics, as he has in fact been everything by turns—"Parliamentarian once, then Republican, always Cæsarean"; but when he declares the Parliamentary system "heretical," he should remember that it belongs to the Church, and not to individual journalists, to lay down the law of heresy. Nor is M. Veuillot content with denouncing principles without assailing persons. Two French archbishops and two bishops are branded by name as friends and protectors of the "apostate" Father Hyacinthe, over whom he brandishes his tomahawk in triumphant glee. Montalembert, who, as the Bishop justly remarks, has been constant through life to an unpopular cause, is a craven popularity-hunter, who has basely deserted his colours; the memory of the pious M. Berryer is outraged over his open grave; M. de Falloux "is the best educator of pigs in France"; Mgr. Dupanloup himself is not obscurely charged with mendacity. Yet it seems that this foul-mouthed detractor had received special instructions from Rome—which we trust were seriously intended—to abstain from assailing eminent men, to weigh well the subjects he wrote upon, and to use no language not moderate and gentle. We are afraid he read his instructions by the light of those Encyclicals from which he has evidently learnt his theology and his morals. "Every Liberal," he says—and we are disposed to agree with him—"is necessarily condemned by the Encyclical. It is vain to seek to distinguish between true and false Liberals. In no manner and in no sense can any Catholic call himself a Liberal," though in 1846 the *Univers* denounced the opposite principles as "anti-Christian." "Liberalism knows no distinction of good and evil, and therefore, like Manicheism, asserts the eternal existence of both principles." This is certainly ingenious. But we can hardly wonder, however accordant it may sound to our ears with the teaching of the Encyclical, that the Bishop of Orleans should say to his assailant, "No, sir, you are not defending the doctrines of the Church, you are disfiguring them."

Of more immediate interest to many readers will be the second part of the Letter, dealing with the definition of infallibility, which the zeal of M. Veuillot "is resolved to impose on the Council":—

Pourquoi, le premier dans la presse française, avez-vous soulevé cette si délicate et si grave question ? De quel droit vous êtes-vous permis de tracer aux Evêques un programme ? Il y a eu là de votre part intrusion dans un rôle qui ne vous appartenait pas, et dont j'ai le droit, pour ma part du moins, moi Evêque, de vous demander compte.

Et aujourd'hui vous annoncez le dessein d'entrer plus que jamais dans cette voie. Vous demandez en ce moment "qu'un immense cri s'élève," et force les Pères du Concile à se saisir de la question posée par vous, et à prononcer. Mais, encore une fois, qui êtes-vous donc, et pensez-vous pouvoir, du haut des colonnes de votre journal, peser sur la future assemblée œcuménique, comme du haut des tribunes d'une assemblée politique ?

It certainly seems odd, from any Catholic point of view, that lay journalists, and especially those who are never weary of harping on the authority of the Church, and accusing all who differ from them of neglecting it, should labour to force the hand of the Bishops in a matter of this kind. M. Veuillot is, however, by no means peculiar among his Ultramontane brethren in that. If Mgr. Dupanloup were an English bishop, there is more than one journal which might expect to receive an *avertissement* from him, while certainly none has a better claim to the honour than the *Civiltà Cattolica*, at which one cannot help feeling that his blows are often aimed through the sides of the *Univers*. But M. Veuillot has his reply ready. To the disclaimer by other French Catholic journals of their competence to meddle with the question, he says, "We have no need of theology; it is quite enough to know our catechism." And then follows a favourite infallibilist dilemma, which its authors do not seem to see is a very two-edged sword. "If the Council is infallible, what need of the Pope; if it is not, how can a fallible Bishop give it infallibility? Christ has promised infallibility either to Pope or Council; whichever it be, there is no need of the other." This may be excellent logic, but then, as Bossuet asked before, what is to be said of all the Œcumenical Councils of former ages? Probably what Cardinal Orsi says, that they were "a useless fracas," got up by the Emperors in derogation of the divine rights of the Popes. But even Ultramontanes have generally shrunk from this solution of the difficulty. M. Veuillot himself says, however, that "the Œcumenical Councils never had such great authority as the decrees of the Holy See"—not the Council of Nice, interposes the Bishop, when it proclaimed the divinity of our Lord, nor those four Councils which St. Gregory the Great said that he revered equally with the four holy Gospels. No! "the Holy See has always had the better of the Councils in justice, in prudence, and in charity." It is

hoped, however, that the present Council will exhibit its prudence by avoiding all discussion, though Liberal Catholics, says M. Veuillot—the profanity of the observation is his, not theirs—“have a hundred arguments to prove that time and reflection are indispensable to the Holy Ghost.” Mgr. Dupanloup thinks it enough to meet these “mocking and irreligious levities” in the grave language of the Bishop of Mans, who says that “the assistance of the Holy Ghost does not supersede study and labour, the examination of Holy Scripture and tradition, *free discussions and profound debates*.” Another French prelate who is quoted distinguishes carefully between assistance and inspiration; but with M. Veuillot infallibility and inspiration are identical, and his sketch of the natural history of infallibility, if we may be permitted to call it so, is so very peculiar that we will give it in his own words:—

“Adam chassé du Paradis est le dépositaire *infaillible* de la promesse... En vertu de son *infaillibilité*, Noé construit l'Arche, sans délibération ni conseil... Abraham est fait *infaillible*... Après Isaac, Jacob et Joseph, inspirés de Dieu, Moïse est pleinement investi de l'*infaillibilité*... Quelles délibérations ont précédé la sortie d'Égypte? Dans quelles discussions s'est formée la loi du Sinaï?—Voulez-vous dire que le Pape, comme Moïse et Abraham, s'entretenant personnellement avec Dieu?—Enfin, après l'inspiration prophétique, le commerce de Dieu avec certains hommes à qui il parle directement,—ce que vous nommez l'*infaillibilité* active,—vous dites que “l'*infaillibilité* ne sera plus errante et intermittente, mais permanente et fixée en son lieu connu et éternel.” Je vous le demande de nouveau: Voulez-vous dire qu'au Pape, dont l'*infaillibilité* sans doute est active, Dieu parle directement, comme aux Prophètes?

To the goodly fellowship of prophets M. Veuillot appears himself to belong; at least so we are led to infer from his denouncing Mgr. Maret's book on the Council, before a line of it had appeared in print, as speaking of Papal infallibility in the same sense as the schismatic Patriarch of Constantinople. Dr. Manning comforts himself with piously bemoaning “the illusions of the Bishop of Sura's learned mind.” M. Veuillot is more outspoken, and instructs the writers in his journal to pray publicly for the conversion of this “schismatic.” And the faith to which Mgr. Maret and other impious Liberals are to be converted is explained with a truly amazing frankness in some of the concluding extracts from the *Univers*. “The Church is God; it is made after the image of the Holy Trinity.” But the Church, as Jesuit divines inform us, means the Pope. Accordingly—we hardly like to transcribe the blasphemous nonsense held up by Mgr. Dupanloup to the righteous indignation of all Christian believers—“as the Father begot the Son, and from Father and Son proceeds the Holy Ghost, so the Pope begot the Bishops, and from Pope and Bishops proceeds the Holy Ghost, who reveals the infallible law.” Tom Paine and Gibbon might have sat with advantage at M. Veuillot's feet. To return; “the Pope is the Son of God.” “When the Pope thinks, it is God who thinks in Him.” This last extract is from the Jesuit *Civiltà*. The *Univers* proceeds to apply to the Pope the Apostle's words, “Such an high priest became us, holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, *made higher than the heavens*,” and the exclamation of the psalmist, “He is my God, and I will glorify Him—my father's God, and I will exalt Him”; and then follows a blasphemous parody of two Latin hymns, substituting in the one “Pius” for “Deus” in the other addressing the Pope, without the change of a syllable, in the language of the Pentecostal hymn to the Holy Ghost. We have taken occasion before now to say that Ultramontanism is at bottom simply a new kind of Lamaism, disguising itself under the outward semblance of Christian forms. Some of the first Catholic divines of Germany have brought the same charge, and the *Civiltà* and *Univers* have abundantly proved its truth. After this it is a small thing to be told that “the one object of the definition of infallibility is to affirm the authority and *omnipotence* of the Pope as the source of all spiritual and temporal power.” Our readers by this time have probably had enough of these maniacal ravings. Into M. Veuillot's estimate of modern society, “dragged to the altars of Tiberius and Nero,” we shall not enter here. We have regretted before that the Bishop of Orleans has not been a little more outspoken in repudiating, not only the definition, but the doctrine of Papal infallibility. But in exhibiting the true character of that fundamental article of the Ultramontane creed as it is taught by one of the most consistent as well as the most unscrupulous of its advocates, he has perhaps done as much as the ablest and most uncompromising of its assailants to secure for it the indignant loathing of every religious mind.

AUSTRALIAN MEAT.

UNTIL a week ago it is probable that few readers had heard of Norton Folgate, and we suspect that fewer still could even now tell where Norton Folgate is. And yet this obscure quarter of Eastern London was, in years gone by, a favourite dwelling-place of the Muse, and one of the most popular poets of the time sought his inspiration among its sights and sounds:—

He who knows Hackney needs must know
That spot enchanting Prospect Row,
So called, because a view it shows
Of Shoreditch Road, and when there blows
No dust, the folks may one and all get
A peep almost to Norton Folgate.

The most obvious comment on this passage is that nobody knows Hackney, or at least nobody who is known to anybody; and even if there were anybody who knows Hackney, that person would not know Norton Folgate, because he would come into London by railway, and not by the Shoreditch Road.

We have ourselves visited Norton Folgate in the present week, and we felt that we had reached pretty near to the confines of the earth. The Shoreditch Road indeed remains, and dust blows along it in dry and windy weather, but it resounds not with the wheels and hoofs that traversed it of yore. No longer can the poet say, as the shades of evening descend upon Norton Folgate, that

Mr. Pearson's gig is at the door
To take him to his house in Hackney Fields.

And yet there once flourished in this remote and forgotten suburb a prolific literary society—at least it flourished in the imagination of one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*, who for the amusement of himself and of his readers created and maintained in vigorous life the Houndsditch Album. We have already quoted from his description of evening, and now let us quote from his description of morning:—

Day rose o'er Norton Folgate high,
And Sol, like Tom of Coventry,
On many a nude was peeping.
The chimneys, smokeless and erect,
And garret windows patch'd and check'd,
The 'prentice-rousing ray reflect;
While those within them sleeping
Reflect that they must stretch their legs,
And bundle out, and stir their pegs,
Or else, as sure as eggs are eggs,
Their masters, strict and wary,
With rattling bells will overhaul 'em,
Or may be, rise themselves to call 'em
Up with a sescary.

The poem from which we are quoting carries internal evidence of having been written when *Marmion* was new and popular, and it well maintains its author's reputation as a clever parodist. The truth of the following description may still be recognised by visitors to the locality:—

Pendant on dyer's pole afloat,
Loose pantaloons and petticoat
Seem on each other's charms to doat,
Like lovers fond and bland.
Now swelling as the breezes rise,
They float each other in the skies,
As if, conjoin'd by marriage ties,
They fought for the upper hand.

We believe that garments still depend from dyers' poles in Houndsditch, but the materials for a literary society must have long since vanished, seeing that a prosperous tradesman who could afford to send his daughter to a fashionable boarding-school would probably occupy a genteel villa at some distance from his place of business.

After the lapse of nearly fifty years Norton Folgate again enjoys celebrity as the seat of an attempt to induce the working-men of England and their wives and children to eat Australian meat. We have ourselves visited this establishment, we have partaken of soup prepared from Australian meat, and we are alive at this present writing, and as well as could be expected under the circumstances, if not better. A penn'orth of soup and a hap'orth of bread is certainly not an expensive dinner, and it has an appreciable tendency to produce an appetite for supper. There was no opportunity afforded to us of experimenting upon solid meat, for the conclusive reason that all that had been cooked had been eaten up before we arrived. It would appear from this circumstance that Australian meat is becoming popular in Norton Folgate, and we are happy to observe that we are not alone in setting the example of risking the tranquillity of our own insides in order to promote the use of cheap and nutritious diet by working-men. A public dinner has been held, at which members of Parliament and journalists have eaten Australian meat in the sight of heaven and of men. A public meeting has also been held under the presidency of Sir William Tite, who told his audience that it was their duty as Christians to place themselves at the head of what he called “the movement,” which he said was not at present to be looked at as a movement in favour of procuring for poor creatures one good meal a day. We suppose that the speaker intended to reserve the question whether a good meal could be made on Australian meat, at least until the morning after eating it, when he might know how his own august stomach felt after an unwonted deviation from its usual habits. Sir William Tite declined, indeed, “to identify himself with the use of a particular kind of meat,” but it may be hoped that a particular kind of meat has ere this identified itself with Sir William Tite. He desires to ascertain, before giving his influence to the movement, that the Australian meat is “right in itself,” but we should say the question was, whether Sir William Tite was right in himself after eating it. However, as he presided, not at a dinner, but at a meeting, he has perhaps not eaten the meat at all, but contented himself with talking about it, which we take to be a Christian duty of moderately arduous performance. But if Sir William Tite has eaten it prepared in his own kitchen, we feel sure that he did not mean to “endorse,” as vulgar people say, the proverb that God sends meat and the Devil sends cooks. It is evident, however, that in England cooks are so much wanted that they ought to be welcome from whatever clime they come. Some slight culinary skill is required to prepare a soup or stew, and the wives of working-men do not always possess this skill; and, we may add, the wives of men out of work are often destitute of the means of kindling the necessary fire. It is, therefore, highly useful to open houses like that in Norton Folgate for the preparation of soups and stews from Australian meat, at the prices of 1d., 2d., or 3d.

per plate, supposing that the meat is wholesome. The question of its wholesomeness must be decided by individual experience, and we can only say by way of answer that we have eaten the meat ourselves and we are not dead yet. There is always difficulty in this country in the reception of a novelty, and the poor are more conservative in their habits than the rich. But we would much rather make experiment of the novelty of Australian meat than of some of the established viands which are habitually consumed by the poor of London. Take, for example, the ordinary penny pie, containing either meat or fruit. We should require a good many lessons in Christian duty from Sir William Tite before we could eat a penny pie. There is, to say the least, this difference between Australia and London, that sheep are as abundant in the former as cats are in the latter. Then, again, we have been frequently assured that horseflesh is palatable and nutritious, and therefore we ought not to object to London sausages. But we should at least like to know whether the horse from which our sausages were made was killed for the purpose, or whether he sank exhausted by his long labours and was carried to a knacker's yard. And again, let us confess that we feel a fastidiousness about London pork, for the pig will eat anything, and when we eat the pig, we may possibly be feeding on carrion only once removed. And once more, there are jam tarts and all the other varieties of cheap pastry. The sense of Christian duty which would be necessary to the eating of even a single specimen of one of these varieties is at this moment dormant, and we doubt whether even Sir William Tite could rouse it. Our present feeling is, that we would rather take a dose of castor-oil than eat a tart from a cheap shop, because both are equally nasty, and the former might possibly be beneficial, while the latter could not. But to return to the Australian meat. It professes to be mutton, and it is at least as likely to be mutton as anything else. It has fed on wholesome food, because there can be no food accessible there which is not wholesome. It is at least possible to prepare this meat so that it will keep until it reaches the English consumer, and those who propose to use it must determine for themselves whether it is in proper preservation. Any benevolent person who has endeavoured to persuade poor people to use rice instead of wheat will appreciate the difficulty of introducing among them Australian meat. But as this meat is cheap, efforts should be made to introduce it, if it be found on trial to be wholesome.

We may mention, for the information of those who desire to make this trial, that the meat may be obtained uncooked as well as cooked in Norton Folgate, and we believe elsewhere. Those active persons who are always subscribing money to cut off the poor man's beer will perhaps devote a little of their energy and capital to opening establishments where he may be supplied with a meal of meat. It is astonishing that in London the arrangements for supplying food and for supplying drink are made in the proportion which Falstaff's bread bore to his sack. This establishment in Norton Folgate ought to be the model of many more, and we should hope that it may excite an interest in that remote eastern district which has not been felt the west of London since the author of *Rejected Addresses* established the Houndsditch Album, and invited all his friends to Mr. Dobb's tea-party in Prospect Row. It might be truly said that when that author ceased to write,

Silence and solitude again
O'er Prospect Row resumed their reign,

which has remained unbroken by the footfall of visitor from the west until Australian meat began to be cooked and sold in Norton Folgate.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH POLITICAL TRIALS.*

THE Baron von Ketchendorff, a German gentleman, has printed at Brussels a volume, evidently very carefully edited, which contains the whole of the known documents having direct reference to the trials of Louis XVI. by the Convention, of Marie-Antoinette by the Revolutionary Tribunal, of the Ministers of Charles X. by the Chamber of Peers, and of the present Emperor of the French by the same body. Several of these papers we have never seen before, and indeed some of them, though written, were not permitted to be read to the assembly or authority to which they were addressed. The compiler assures us that, even of those which are more familiarly known, the true text has been very seriously altered by popular writers. There can be no doubt, we believe, of the great value of the collection.

It is impossible to read a complete record of the trials of Louis XVI. and his Queen without a feeling of repugnance almost as strong as that which was felt by the great majority of our countrymen before the beginning of the century. Nevertheless, the disgust which every reasonable man still experiences is not caused in precisely the same way. For sixty or seventy years ago all Englishmen except a very few took for granted the illegitimacy of the Revolutionary Governments of France, and consequently never thought of discussing the regularity of their proceedings from the legal point of view. No serious distinction was drawn between the executions under the authority of the

Revolutionary Parliament and the massacres of September or the murders in the streets of Paris. Yet few Governments which have arisen in times of civil convulsion have had a more regular pedigree than those which ruled France from 1789 to the establishment of the Consulate. There cannot be said to have been any theoretical limits to the powers of the States-General; and indeed it was the occasional assertion by French lawyers of their power even to dispose of the Crown, which caused them to be left so long in abeyance. The Constituent Assembly issued from the States-General, and the Legislative Assembly from the Constituent by a perfectly regular filiation; and though no doubt the immediate legal descent of the Convention from the Legislative Assembly may in strictness be thought doubtful, yet there is no question that both the Convention and the Directory must be held to have lawfully ruled France as against any other pretender. If the flight of Louis XVI. had not been arrested at Varennes, and he had succeeded in joining the foreign enemies of France, it is certain that the Assembly at Paris would have waged war against him with far higher legal warrant than did the Parliament of England against Charles I. The legal title of the Revolutionary Governments appears to us to have had too little importance attached to it. Some writers ascribe their extraordinary vigour to the sacredness of the principles which they vindicated, others to the demoniacal energy which the wickedness of those very principles inspired. Some are convinced that they conquered through patriotic rage at foreign invasion, others that they succeeded through panic terror at the punishment which foreign conquest would have brought with it. It may be worth considering whether the greatest part of the spirit and confidence which they showed was not attributable to the fact that there was no competing body or authority which could legally claim to govern France in their place. Nothing at all events can be clearer than that, when the very crisis of its history occurred at the outlawry of Robespierre, the Convention was saved by the general sense of its legal authority, which even the populace and the guards of Henriot shared. French sovereign assemblies did not in fact become timid and doubtful of themselves until the system of "purging" them by wholesale expulsions of their members had been introduced, and, when it had once been tried, the real power to use the resources of France passed simply to the strongest.

Louis XVI. was tried by a procedure which is at all events of the extremest antiquity—a Bill of Pains and Penalties conducted through the national Legislature. The documents published by the Baron von Ketchendorff show that the legal aspects of his case received far more consideration than the popular accounts of the trial would lead one to believe. The strong point in his favour was that the King of the French had been declared inviolable by the very Constitution which he was accused, on the evidence of the papers left behind him when he escaped to Varennes, of having attempted to destroy. It was replied to this, that the inviolability there spoken of was immunity from the jurisdiction of the tribunals recognised by the Constitution, and did not oust the power of the national Legislature to try the King for an alleged attempt to put an end to the Constitution itself. But this answer admitted of a rejoinder which was urged by Vergniaud in a speech of remarkable force and courage. Admitting the right of the Convention to try the King by a legislative proceeding, he argued that for such a purpose the whole existing legislative machinery must be put in motion, and that consequently the question of the King's guilt and punishment must be referred to the primary local assemblies from which the Convention issued. The speech of Barère in reply to Vergniaud is for the most part simply execrable, but it cannot be denied that there is weight in the argument that a sovereign assembly once lawfully constituted ought, for legal purposes, to regard itself as perfectly independent of the electoral bodies which originally called it into existence. Marie-Antoinette was tried and condemned by an authority which has an even worse reputation than the Convention, and she received even harder measure from it; yet there was not in her case the same legal difficulty as in that of her husband; and, while many overwhelming charges may be brought against the Revolutionary Tribunal, it cannot be denied to have been a legally constituted body. There is something like a parade of legality in the indictment drawn by Fouquier-Tinville in the case of the ex-Queen:—"Antoine-Quentin Fouquier, accusateur public près le tribunal criminel révolutionnaire établi à Paris par décret de la Convention Nationale du 10 mars 1793, l'an II de la République, sans aucun recours au tribunal de cassation, en vertu du pouvoir à lui donné par l'article 2 d'un autre décret de la Convention du 5 avril suivant, portant que," &c.

But, although the proceedings of these trials in an authentic form do not leave on the mind the same impression of utter lawlessness and irregularity which is derived from the popular histories, they are nevertheless in the highest degree revolting. The ferocious animus of the majority of the members of the Convention and of the Judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal is not the less disgraceful because some of them seem to have understood that there were points of law to be decided, and to have paid more attention to them than has been commonly supposed. All that can be said in extenuation is that much that is shocking to the English reader in these trials is an exaggeration of defects which characterized French criminal procedure before the Revolution, and which are not wholly absent from it even at the present moment. The vague conception of political crime, and consequently the loose definition of political offences, undoubtedly dis-

* Archives judiciaires. Recueil complet des Discussions législatives et des Débats résultant des grands Procès politiques jugés en France de 1792 à 1845. Bruxelles: 1869.

tinguished the criminal justice of the monarchy. The law officers of the French Kings constantly argued as if a charge of crime against the monarch were the same thing as a charge of violating the sacred principle of divine hereditary right, and as if the monstrousness of the alleged offence raised a sort of presumption against the accused. Though the form is different, this is essentially the same reasoning as that of the raving representatives who demanded the condemnation of Louis Capet on the ground that kings were the acknowledged scourges of the human race. Fouquier-Tinville closes his string of legal authorities by charging Marie-Antoinette with resembling Messalina and Brunehild, and the President of the Tribunal asks her whether she had not encouraged in her son the hope of succession to the throne. If these cruel absurdities have no exact parallel in modern French procedure, yet vituperation of the accused by the prosecutor, harsh interrogatories by the Court, and the admission of evidence of the slightest possible relevancy, are still characteristics of a French trial which shock Englishmen. It may safely be said that no amount of popular madness would have produced in our country anything very like the proceedings against the French King and Queen. Either there would have been no pretence of legality at all, as in the case of the Court which sentenced Charles I., or some pains would have been taken to procure relevant evidence against the accused and to confine the proceedings to the examination of this evidence. It cannot be denied that measures of some sort might reasonably have been taken against both Louis and his wife. The papers left behind at the time of the escape to Varennes unquestionably showed that the King intended to get rid of the existing Constitution, and we now know on indisputable authority that Marie-Antoinette had really done her best to bring the foreigner into France. The volume we are noticing shows that these really relevant matters were more or less attended to even by the Revolutionary Tribunal, but they were obscured by the volley of impertinent questions from the President, and savage insults by the Prosecutor, which have made the unfortunate Queen an object of undying pity to the human race.

We need scarcely say that the trials of the Prince de Polignac and his colleagues, and of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, as they are read in these pages, are honourably distinguished from the trials of the Revolution. It is perhaps for the sake of contrast that they have been inserted, for in themselves they possess very slight interest, and there cannot have been much ground for suspecting that the documents bearing upon them are incomplete or have been falsified. In neither case did the accused make any real defence, nor was there the smallest difficulty in establishing the overt acts of treason. The only point which could be pleaded on behalf of Charles X.'s Ministers arose upon the once famous Article 4 of the Charter. It is still uncertain what meaning was originally intended to be attached to a provision empowering the Crown to modify the laws by Ordinance in case of emergency, but the conclusive argument against the Ministers was that no emergency whatever had arisen in 1830, nor even a difficulty, except the discovery by the King that he could not do exactly what he pleased. There was not even a question of this sort to be discussed in the trial of Louis Napoleon for the descent upon Boulogne. The justification advanced by himself for his attempt to overthrow the Government is the sole passage in the proceedings which has any interest, and this is chiefly remarkable for the strong belief which it expresses in the sacredness of a claim to power which rests on the vote of a large numerical majority of Frenchmen. He contends that when the dynasty which occupied the throne by hereditary right was finally expelled in 1830, the fact that the Emperor Napoleon had been elected by four millions of voters ought to have been taken into account, and the French people ought to have been consulted whether they would have a Bonaparte, or somebody else, to reign over them. The illegitimacy of the throne of July he attributes exclusively to the want of consecration by universal suffrage. This is the sole argument, if argument it is to be called, which occurs in his address to the Peers, but the words which follow are not a little curious, and were frequently quoted during the excitement caused by the letters of the French colonels after the attempt of Orsini on the Emperor's life:—"Je représente devant vous un principe, une cause, une défaite. Le principe, c'est la souveraineté du peuple; la cause, celle de l'Empire; la défaite, Waterloo. Le principe, vous l'avez reconnu; la cause, vous l'avez servie; la défaite, vous avez voulu la venger. Non, il n'y a pas de désaccord entre vous et moi." It may be added that the contempt of the Peers for the pretensions of the accused peeps out at various points, notably in the half-humorous doubt thrown on his right to sign "Napoléon" before "Louis."

THE INTERNATIONAL PREHISTORIC CONGRESS.*

THE latest offshoot of the tree of scientific knowledge, Prehistoric Archaeology, has struck a firm root in the soil of public interest, and gives signs of vigorous and fruitful life. The attraction of the special class of studies comprised within this new field of inquiry has been the means of drawing into a focus the energies of the chief scientific centres throughout Europe and America. At a meeting of the Société Italienne des Sciences

Naturelles, held at La Spezia in the year 1865, the idea was propounded of a *Congrès paléolithologique*, or, as designated in the "acte de fondation," un *Congrès international pour les Etudes préhistoriques*. Under this title the Congress held its first meeting at Neuchâtel, in the year 1866, at the same time as the assembly of the Swiss Society of Natural Sciences. In the year 1867 the Congress was held at Paris, during the Exposition Universelle, under the name of *Congrès international d'Anthropologie et d'Archéologie préhistoriques*. In the year 1868, England having been fixed upon as the place of meeting, the Congress met at Norwich on the 20th of August, at the same time as the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and closed its sittings in London on the 28th of the same month. The Transactions of this meeting, comprising the address of the President, Sir John Lubbock, the papers read, and the discussions thereupon, are now before us.

Among the miscellaneous papers here brought together, as well as in the controversial remarks which they were the means of eliciting, there is much matter of the highest interest and value. Weaker contributions occasionally make their appearance, for which the best that can be said is that they served to elicit correction or to bring forward the stronger judgment of really qualified members. If we are somewhat surprised to find at this hour of the archaeological day the megalithic monuments or stone groups of Berkshire, such as the "Sarsden Stones" and Wayland's Cave, descanted upon as "Druidic," we have for our comfort the sound decision of the President that "the Druids had nothing whatever to do with the erection of those stones." Agreeing with Sir J. Y. Simpson that Stonehenge never was intended as a place of worship, he yet considers it "decidedly to have been a place that was held sacred." It may be regarded as the central holy place or *temenos* of a more extensive group. Within three or four miles of Stonehenge there have been found three or four hundred tumuli. "There was no reason why there should be this extraordinary number of tumuli there, were it not that they clustered around this spot as a sacred place." No ancient weapons of iron have been met with in these tumuli. The two or three iron specimens that have been found have evidently been placed there at a later date. More than fifty of these mounds, however, yielding weapons or ornaments of bronze, confirm Sir J. Lubbock's opinion that the structure was erected during the Bronze Age. Expressions of firm criticism even on simple points like this can scarcely be called out of date when we have been staggered by the theory put forth, within the current twelvemonth, in a gorgeous volume, under the authority of a high department of State, and largely subsidized out of the Indian Exchequer, making out Stonehenge to have been built by a colony of Turanian Buddhists from the banks of the Kistna, not much earlier than the year of grace 550. Perhaps the oddest thing about this notable controversy is that Stonehenge itself has never been subjected to anything like a searching scrutiny or exploration. The request of the Wiltshire Archaeological Society for permission to dig within the enclosure was, we are told, negatived by the proprietor. Those who gave its name to the place were evidently ignorant of its origin. The name of Stonehenge was derived from the presence of the stones themselves already grouped together in remote time upon the spot. Sir John Lubbock has, however, gone wide of the mark in making the word to mean "the place of stones." Its meaning is simply the "stone gallows," that being the object which the form of the trilithons suggested to the rude popular mind.

Professor Huxley's short paper upon the "Distribution of the Races of Mankind, and its bearing on the Antiquity of Man," raises important issues, which we should be glad to see made the subject of a longer and more detailed discussion. The conclusions thus summarily put forward have an air of crudity and haste by no means usual in the scientific writings of this fresh and vigorous thinker. Falling back in a sense upon the classification of Blumenbach, he would reduce the number of distinct races of mankind to no more than four, which he would term the Australoid, the Negroid, the Mongoloid, and the Xanthochroic. All other forms or types which can be mentioned seem to him to lie between some two or other of these four. He proceeds to trace the distinctions which separate these four primary races or stocks of mankind:—

The characteristics of the *Australoid* race are, a dark complexion, ranging through various shades of light and dark chocolate colour; dark or black eyes; the hair of the scalp black, neither coarse and lank, nor crisp and woolly, but soft, silky, and wavy; the skull always belonging to the dolichocephalic group, or having a cephalic index of less than 90°.

Under the head of the *Negroid* race I include those people who have dark skins varying from yellowish-brown to what is usually called black; dark or black eyes; dark or black hair, which is crisp, or what is commonly called woolly, in texture. With very rare exceptions, these people are dolichocephalic.

In the *Mongoloid* race the complexion ranges from brownish-yellow to olive; the eyes are dark, usually black; the hair of the scalp black, coarse, straight, and long, that of the body remarkably scanty. The proportions of the skull, so constant in the two preceding races, vary in this from extreme dolichocephaly to extreme brachycephaly.

Finally, in the *Xanthochroic* race, the complexion is very fair; the eyes are blue or grey; the hair yellow or yellowish-brown. In this race, again, the skull ranges through the whole scale of its varieties of proportion, from extreme breadth to extreme length.

What seems most obvious to remark on this bold differentiation of race is that it involves a backward step in the course of recent ethnological study. Can it be thought a sound principle of classification which rests so largely upon the mere superficial pheno-

* *International Congress of Prehistoric Archaeology: Transactions of the Third Session, which opened at Norwich on the 20th August, and closed in London on the 28th August, 1868.* London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

mena of complexion, which are known to be affected so quickly, and to so unlimited an extent, by climatic causes alone? Is the hue of the colouring pigments of the skin or the hair anything so fixed or inherent in the organism as to be taken for the basis of a radical difference of origin? In the face of the rapid and striking changes which we see produced by altered conditions of heat and moisture, not to speak of soil, diet, and subordinate conditions of life, are we to give over our laborious study of the osseous structure or of the inner aspects or homologies, so to say, of man, for a chromatic scale ranging from black to blue for the iris, and from black to red, yellow, or white for the cuticle? Some of Mr. Huxley's four divisions are indeed borne out by reference to independent principles of physical analysis, while in other respects they cross with each other and with positive facts. The differences between Negro, Australian, and Mongol may doubtless go to the depth of a radical division of races. M. Carl Vogt and M. Paul Broca, in the discussion here opened up, each from his own point of view, were here entirely of accord. It is in the basis of classification itself, which the fourth subdivision shows to be logically infirm, as well as in the non-recognition of language and the arbitrary grouping of races, that these eminent ethnologists detect the weakness of the theory. Are we, on the mere strength of a "melanochroic complexion," to sweep into one vast Australoid net the Egyptians, ancient and modern, with the "wide-spread races from Northern Hindostan, through Western Asia, along the shores of the Mediterranean, through Western Europe to Ireland"? And are we then to oust so many fair-haired and blue-eyed races from their proper class, the "Xanthochroic," which winds up the enumeration? It is something new to find the headquarters of the Xanthochroi established in Central Europe, "whence they extend into Scandinavia and the British Islands on the north and west; while on the north-east they seem at one time, if not now, to have extended their wanderings over the great plains of Northern Asia to the frontiers of China." By what linguistic juggle are we to explain the spread of Aryan speech into Europe—presuming at least, as we have hitherto done, that the Aryan group of tongues had its cradle somewhere in the uplands of Asia? Has the stream of national language in some anomalous way flowed backward to its source, and have our Oriental progeny been after some mysterious fashion teaching their European grandmothers? The question of language is, we need scarcely observe, left out, as usual, by Professor Huxley altogether. It is not in his line. But it must take its place, notwithstanding, in every philosophical solution of the great problem of the distribution of races. And from this deficiency, if from no other, the Professor's theory fails as yet to run on all fours. Still there is so far in it the groundwork of a more sound and satisfactory system that we would gladly see it sent back to its able author for reconsideration and amendment.

Perhaps the richest contribution of new and interesting facts to the subject of the volume before us is found in the paper on Human Remains and Works of Art lately brought to light in the Caves of Gibraltar. These explorations, set on foot by Dr. Falconer and Mr. Busk, the author of this paper, have been carried on with great energy and success by Captain Brome, late Governor of the Military Prison, aided by Captain Warren, whose zeal and activity have since been employed with such good effect in the excavations at Jerusalem. The bold limestone promontory on which the fortress of Gibraltar rests has been subjected to extreme upheavals and depressions, ranging to at least 900 feet, as shown by the remains of terraces and sea-bottoms at that height above the present ocean level. These successive shocks have resulted in fissures of an extraordinary kind and extent, occasionally widening out into extensive caverns, either empty or filled with bone breccia and calcareous spar. These cavities, which have given to the promontory its name of the "Hill of Caves," are manifestly of an age prior to the coming of man upon the Rock:—

The caves are of two kinds: 1. Littoral or sea-caves, scooped out horizontally by the waves at the sea level; of which kind numerous instances are exhibited all along the base of the eastern face, and, as has been before said, successive terraces, one above another, are visible on the same face, each furnished with its line of sea-caves, exactly like those at present at the level of the water. It would seem, however, that most, if not all, of these caves owe their origin to their being situated in the line of a fissure or fracture of the rock of which the sea has taken advantage to begin its scooping action. 2. Inland caves, which do not exhibit any appearance of marine erosion, but may be described as ramified and intersecting fissures, descending more or less vertically to great depths. Consequently they are of the same nature and origin as the rents in which the bone breccia is found, enlarged perhaps in some cases by pluvial erosion, but in others, as it would seem, by actual separation of the walls. That these fissures, after their original formation, have been subjected to motions of displacement, is evidenced by the frequency with which large detached blocks of rock, evidently either broken off close to the spot where they are lodged, or which may have fallen down the vertical fissure until they were arrested in a narrower passage, are met with. It will also be observed that Captain Brome, in describing several of the caves, mentions the occurrence of very thick pillars of stalagmite, which have been broken transversely, the two fragments being displaced and sometimes re-united by fresh stalagmitic deposit, sometimes remaining quite separate.

The plans and sections accompanying Mr. Busk's memoir give a clear idea of the form and geographical bearing of the principal of these remarkable fissures. The Genista Cave, or succession of caves, leads by a series of narrow perpendicular passages through three or four chambers of large dimensions to a vast square cavern 80 feet in height, and of almost equal length, the floor of which is not much less than 250 feet below the surface of the rock. There is no trace of any lower passage or fissure affording ingress. The floors of all

these chambers are formed of deposits of clay, in one case twenty-one and in another twenty-seven feet thick. On cutting through the clay in the lowest chambers numerous bones of animals, but not it appears of men, were found, probably carried thither by floods. In the upper cave human remains, besides those of animals, lay in immense profusion, to a depth of ten feet. Few skeletons were perfect. In Genista Cave (No. 2), upon Windmill Hill, opened by Captain Brome, November 4, 1864, were found human and animal remains, with those of birds and fish, associated with stone implements, flint knives, needles, and hooks of bone, &c. Genista Cave, No. 3, afforded, amongst other human relics and works of art, four crania, about sixty feet below the summit, in excellent preservation, saving the lower jaw. These are well lithographed in Plate VII. St. Michael's Cave, or series of caves, the most remarkable of all, disclosed a stalactite chamber 106 feet in length and 25 feet in height, in beauty and picturesqueness surpassing, as even American visitors granted, the celebrated Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. In divers of these chambers, as also in the "Judges' Cave," was found an unprecedentedly rich haul of prehistoric specimens. The remains of not less than 300 or 400 bodies of men and women have been made out, the skulls in some instances all but perfect, showing, it is thought, a strong resemblance to those of the Basque type. Fragments of pottery interspersed with them resemble in some cases those in modern use among the Kabyle race, in others those of the Roman and even the mediæval period, while some seem to go back to a more primitive age and a ruder state of the art, pointing to the presence of many successive populations. A bronze fishhook has been held by Mr. Franks to be Roman, or of the Roman period. It is difficult to conceive these caverns forming the usual abodes of men. Far more probably they served as places of shelter, in which the wretched inhabitants took refuge from their foes, and there perished. Some, as Genista Cave No. 1, filled nearly to the roof with human débris, were most likely sepulchral. The exploration of these remarkable storehouses of the past has unhappily been suspended. But we may hope to see operations again set on foot at no distant date, to be rewarded, we cannot doubt, with results of not inferior richness and importance.

We would gladly have said a word upon other contributions of striking interest had space permitted. Among these we would single out Mr. Dawkins's paper on the Prehistoric Mammalia of Great Britain, that of Mr. R. R. Brash on the Ogham Monuments of the Gaedhal (Gael), and that of MM. de Furry and Arcelin on the Discoveries of Human Remains of the Reindeer Period in the Mâconnais. An Association which has brought out already such an amount of industry and talent amongst its members may be congratulated on its prospects of continued and increasing success.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE.*

AT a season opportune for its due appreciation in circles where one reads and the rest listen during the long winter evenings, comes a new instalment of Mr. William Morris's *Earthly Paradise*. Those who found the charm of his first volume so rare and novel that they were fain to sigh when the last page was finished may now congratulate themselves upon the publication of a third part, as well as look forward to the yet unfulfilled promise of a fourth. Nor will they, in what is now presented to them, deem that aught of this charm is diminished through the circumstance that style and manner are no longer novel; for, good story-teller as he is, the author of "Jason" has abundance of tales in his repertory, and whether he weaves them close or loose, the ear drinks in with unalloyed delight the simple, sweet, picture-like rhapsodies of a practised gestour. Variety is, as in the former portions of the poem, ensured by the interchange of classical fables with Northern myths; and such variety, too, that no tale of Greece can be charged with being like its predecessors, no Norse or Icelandic legend can lie under that imputation of sameness which can often be laid with too much truth at the door of our prose story-tellers. It is therefore with a cordial welcome that we greet what is truly a Christmas Book—one that will satisfy the lighter traditions of the season by delighting without wearying, and one that perchance, for all its professed "earthliness," will to rightly-strung hearts suggest the lesson of not resting in things sub-lunary, from the very force of contrast, the insufficiency of the brightest mortal fortunes, the elements of perishableness, which each tale exhibits as inseparable from the joys of earth and of things earthly. The "Death of Paris" illustrates the brittle nature of human love and the selfishness of man, which mars and frustrates such self-abnegation as is personified in the nymph Eneone. In the dreamlike poem of the "Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," although we have a picture of perfect constancy under the most trying conditions, the course of true love is very far from being smooth enough to justify a plenary belief in the sufficiency of earthly satisfactions. In "Acontius and Cydippe," though all comes right in the end, the delays and hindrances to true love's free course are painted in colours quite the reverse of deceptive; while in the legend of the "Man who never Laughed again" it is human curiosity, and inability to be content with what is within the ken of ordinary knowledge, that brings the hapless Bham to the same slough of despond and despair as those whose

* *The Earthly Paradise*. Part III. A Poem. By William Morris, Author of the "Life and Death of Jason." London: F. S. Ellis. 1870.

lesson was set before him to take warning by. In "Rhodope" we have set up the memorial of one whose high aspirations unfit her, before their fulfilment, for the home duties, loves, and charities, and, when fulfilled, debar her from the intercourse of her sire, who "is fain still to dwell among his own folk," and cannot brook the strange eyes that shall watch his altered fortunes when his daughter's queenhood sets him above himself.

And no one will say that a Paradise on earth would have transcendent attractions were it such as was shared by "Gudrun and her Lovers," the longest and in many points the most romantic tale in the present volume. If Mr. Morris had accepted a brief as *Advocatus Diaboli*, he could scarcely have given more prominence to the dissuaves which forbid the acceptance of an earthly Paradise as a "be-all and end-all" than he does in the quarrels, treacheries, jealousies, and misunderstandings which in the tale referred to set the nearest and dearest perpetually by the ears. Thus, indirectly at least, this "Earthly Paradise" subserves a higher and loftier purpose; and it is scarcely fair to say of it that it is too entirely "of the earth earthy," until we have well considered the scope and the obligations of the story-teller. It has been more than once noticed that there is little or nothing of a "better hope" evinced in Mr. Morris's conspectus of an earthly Paradise; and it does strike one at first sight as odd that, though Yule-tide and Christmas come in again and again in the volume before us, and the New Faith is represented as gradually supplanting Odin, Thor, and the rest, the birth of a Saviour and the regeneration of a world are scarcely ever alluded to with any enthusiasm—the one being regarded rather as a dream of the learned, the other as the work and result of the strong persuasion of the sword. But the explanation of all this is clearly the author's assumption for the time being of the character of his interlocutor, his rigid and dramatic acting-out of a part which would lose its *raison d'être* if there arose the suspicion of another mind informing the puppet of the passing hour. Proposing to himself this rule, it is but very seldom that he suffers the personages who fill his canvas to speculate on what lies beyond their present and palpable condition; but in such exceptional cases it is with an appropriateness to the character portrayed which at once does away with any impression of inconsistency. An illustration of this may be drawn from the "Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," a tale to which, as one of the most successful poems in the volume, we shall have to revert. The mother of its star-gazing hero—who somewhat like Thomas the Rhymer is spirited away, and only comes back to his Norwegian home after a long lapse of time—being more speculative and devout than her ruder consort and elder sons, falls athinking whether the "dead-alive" has not perchance come back from beyond the gates of death, and puts to him a question influenced by that instinctive yearning to religion which distinguishes especially the female heart. She adjures him by his debt to her who bore him:—

If thou hast been so far, that thou
Canst tell to me—grown old, son, now,
Through weary life, unsatisfied
Desires, and lingering hope untried—
If thou canst tell me of thy ruth,
What thing there is of lies or truth,
In what the new faith saith of those
Great glories of the heavenly close,
And how that poor folk twinned on earth
Shall meet therein in joy and mirth.

Contrast this appeal and this devout curiosity with the duller and more matter-of-fact fashion in which the Icelandic hero Kiartan, in the last tale of the volume, accepts Christianity, when spoken fair by Olaf of Denmark, with a skin-deep kind of conversion, but will not be bullied into it by king or priest, although he is so hedged in and entrapped that death is imminent on his refusal; note too how carelessly and superficially he, and indeed all the personages in the "Lovers of Gudrun" put off their old faith, and put on Christianity, as if it were a mere matter of change of coats; and it will be evident how completely for the time being the author wraps himself up in each of his creations, and how little—while true and staunch to his definite ideal of it—he cares to find room for those subjective disquisitions which are quite alien to the character of his Muse.

Our readers will not need to be reminded of the framework into which these stories are inwoven, or to be told again how pilgrims, come to a long standstill in a fruitless quest, find a monthly beguilement of their growing despondency in an interchange of tales with their kindly and Greek-descended entertainers. These latter in the present volume contribute the "Death of Paris," "Acontius" (why on earth should Mr. Morris provoke the shade of Ovid, and the wrath of every one who is familiar with Latin poetry, by spelling this worthy's name with a double "cc"?), "and Cydippe," and the "Story of Rhodope"; and in doing so they borrow from classic fable just so much of what is written as serves their purpose. In the first-named, the narrator lays hold of the legend of Ceneone's refusal to heal her faithless lover, when he is carried to her in sore stress, stricken by the poisoned arrow of Philoctetes. It is a fine field for working out of character, this contrast between the quenchless love of the mountain nymph and the irresolute, unstable, volatile selfishness of Paris, only partially redeemed by his tongue's refusal to be false to his later and more lawless love when life or death hang upon his word. The stanza adopted for this poem, as well as the "Story of Rhodope," is very congenial to the subject, and affords scope not only for the gusts of passion which are stirred by the meeting of Ceneone with her recreant lover, but also for the fine descriptions of the journey of the litter-

bearers from doomed Ilium to the pine-groves of Ida. Some of the touches of pathos in Ceneone's appeals have a wonderful echo of Greek poetry—as witness that in pp. 15-16 beginning

Thou sleepest, Paris? would that I could sleep, &c. &c.;

and the unadorned simplicity of language which clothes these outbursts is worthy the study and imitation of all who seek to win unsophisticated ears to their poetry. We must not indulge, however, in quotations from the "Death of Paris"; nor from "Acontius and Cydippe," of which story Mr. Morris's version so far differs from Ovid's as there is no betrothal here of the maiden, except to Diana, and no fever ensues on Cydippe's resolve to be bound by the pious fraud whereby Acontius had made her unwittingly pledge herself to him. In Lord Lytton's "Lost Tales of Miletus" the same classic story forms a part, and it is worth a comparison with the less elaborate vision given by Mr. Morris. After the "Story of Rhodope" (was she not rather Rhodopis?), and the expansion which our author makes of the less familiar legend of an eagle snatching away one of her slippers as she bathed at Naucratis, and dropping it in the lap of the King of Egypt as he sat dispensing justice at Memphis, the issue being a successful search for the owner, who is taken for partner on the throne, we may linger at least long enough to draw attention to a pretty picture—the bathing-place whose margin is the scene of the eagle's theft:—

Shallow it was; a shore of hard white sand
Met the green herbage, and as clear as glass
The water ran in ripples o'er that strand,
Until it well-nigh touched the flowery grass;
A dainty bath for weary limbs it was,
And so our maiden thought belike, for she
'Gan put her raiment from her languidly.
Until at last from out her poor array
Pure did she rise, e'en as that other One
Rose up from out the ragged billows grey
For earth's dull days and heavy to atone;
How like another sun her gold hair shone;
In the green place, as down she knelt, and raised
The glittering shoes, and long time on them gazed.

If this quotation has the effect of attracting any readers to a more intimate acquaintance with this poem—wherein Rhodope, by the way, though almost a beggar-maid, is in purity a laudable contrast to her classic prototype—and of leading them on to the pretty and tender farewell she utters to her old haunts and folk when she is about to be borne away by ship to her higher destiny, we have no fear but such a reader will arise from his study of the tale with an enhanced conviction of Mr. Morris's title to the wreath of a modern Chaucer, as a poet who, whilst unrivalled as a story-teller, finds the way to the heart at the same time that he enchains the ear.

Between the two best tales narrated by the wanderers, which are also without question the best in the present volume, it is hard to say which most deserves the palm. There is more of stir and action in "Gudrun and her Lovers," and the hero of it, Kiartan, is a creation of the highest merit—a blending of some of the finest characteristics of chivalry with a Christian-like temper, singularly hard "to be provoked," although nowise slack when there is no longer a choice of forbearing. The sole drawback to him is the rather hero-like forgetfulness of Gudrun, his love in Iceland, which he exhibits under the influence of the smiles of Ingibjorg, the King of Denmark's sister—a weakness which costs him the hand of her whom alone he loves, and which serves as a tool for Bodli his foster-brother to use against his interests with the peerless Gudrun. It may possibly strike some readers as somewhat too long a tale, filling as it does two hundred pages out of five hundred; yet this will be condoned on the score of the wonderful skill with which, in seemingly artless story-telling, are depicted Kiartan's magnanimity, Bodli's treachery and self-accusings, and the conflicting love and jealousy of the heroine:—

Whose birth the wondering world no more might blame
Than her's who erst called Tyndarus her sire.
What hearts so'er, what roof-trees she might fire,
What hearts so'er, what hearths she might leave cold,
Before the ending of the tale be told.

Our preference, indeed, is for the "Land East of the Sun" as a whole, but it would be hard to find in it, though abounding in beautiful passages, a more perfect picture than this of "Gudrun asleep," from the poem to which we have been just referring. Its beauty must plead an excuse for its citation:—

But while in peace these through the night did go,
Vexed by new thoughts and old thoughts, Gudrun lay
Upon her bed: she watched him go away,
And her heart sank within her, and there came,
With pain of that departing, pity and shame,
That, struggling with her love, yet made it strong,
That called her longing blind, yet made her long
Yet more for more desire, what seeds so'er
Of sorrow, hate, and ill were hidden there.
So with her strong heart wrestled love, till she
Sank 'neath the hand of sleep, and quietly
Beneath the new-risen sun she lay at rest,
The bed-gear fallen away from her white breast,
One arm deep buried in her hair, one spread
Abroad, across the 'broideries of the bed,
A smile upon her lips, and yet a tear,
Scarce dry, but stayed anigh her dainty ear—
How fair, how soft, how kind she seem'd that morn,
Ere she anew to love and life was born.

But we must turn from this vision of a heroine who at best is of the earth—we had almost said "earthly"—to another in the

"Land East of the Sun," whose pure, perfect, tender, suffering nature is of a more mysterious and heavenly kind, the nameless queen of some far off and unearthly country, whose love a mere mortal is privileged to gain, and though, through a lingering desire to get back to his native soil and kinsfolk, he runs sore risk of losing it irreparably, at last recovers, after years of wandering and yearning. This story runs in octosyllabic couplets, and is readable from beginning to end without a pause. It is scarcely an allegory, though it seems akin to that form of tale. It is scarcely a legend, for it is the record of a mystery. But it is most truly what it professes to be—a dream; and a dream told to the life. As such it illustrates very thoroughly the gift, which Mr. Morris pre-eminently possesses, of ability to throw himself into the scene and circumstances which he would describe. All about it is of a dreamland complexion; the pureness and, as it were, angelic nature of the mystic queen, as white almost to contemplate as the swan's plumage which enwraps her form when the churl's son first beholds her. And the impression of this is very skillfully heightened by the contrast of the sensual passion of Thorgerd, his brother's wife, for the beloved of the queen of the land east of the sun, when he revisits his home in wealth and shining garments. We are not sorry that space forbids any extracts from this very beautiful dream, because no extracts could do it even faint justice. Every one should read it entire. It is calculated to raise higher Mr. Morris's already high rank among our younger and latter-day poets. And—as a last word—we have pleasure in adding that, in correctness of rhyme and other evidences of care and polish, this volume of Mr. Morris excels his former ones.

DICKSON'S JAPAN.*

MR. DICKSON has written a very valuable book. He has supplied much that was wanting to our knowledge of Japan, and has given us a mass of really trustworthy information which is to be found nowhere else. This information he has compiled from the works of native historians and European writers, supplemented in a great measure by what he himself was able to pick up during a long residence in the country. It is astonishing, if we consider that Japan has been open to us now for eleven years, that no such work has previously appeared. But Englishmen are too much in the habit of isolating themselves from the natives of any country in which their lot is cast to be good historians of its institutions and customs. A number of merchants put themselves down at Yokuhama or Nagasaki, and interest themselves no more in the millions of people by whom they are surrounded, and by whose sufferance they are allowed to remain at those places, than if they did not exist. The Daimio in charge of the local affairs is the only official whose actions are of moment to them, and about whose powers and rule they trouble themselves to inquire. They have a vague idea that there are such persons as the Emperor and the Shogoon, but what their relations are, or rather were, to one another—for in consequence of the late revolution the office of the latter has been abolished—they know little or nothing. The Consuls and missionaries, the only people possessing real knowledge of the subject, are too continuously employed in the work of their respective callings to allow of their enlightening us, and hence it is reserved for such men as Mr. Dickson, who have both the time and inclination, as well as the power, to undertake the task. The works on Japan by Sir Rutherford Alcock and others, though interesting as books of travel, do not display that insight into the institutions of the country which is the peculiar merit of Mr. Dickson's book.

Mr. Dickson begins by giving us a sketch of the early fabulous history of the Imperial House which claims as its founders the Spirits of the Sun and Moon. From them descended a line of heavenly rulers, the last of whom took upon himself the form of man, and appeared, under the name of Zinnmu, as a ruler among men. From the date of his accession the country's annals cease to be mere fables, and put forth some pretensions to historic accuracy. From them we learn that Zinnmu was born about B.C. 667, in the island of Kinsin, and that by his prowess he succeeded in subjugating that island and the greater part of Nippon. The probability is that he was a foreigner, most likely a Chinaman, and that entering the country in the south-west he overran it with an invading force as far as Miako, driving the Ainos, the original inhabitants of the islands, into the parts they now occupy, and peopling the remainder with his own followers, from whom are descended the present possessors of the soil. Like other conquerors he sought to gain the loyalty of his new subjects by adopting the traditions of their country, and with this object he declared himself to be a lineal descendant of the line of heavenly Emperors—an assumption which proved fatal to the power of his later successors, but which has probably been the means of preserving his line from utter extinction. Some few of those who immediately succeeded him took active part in the politics, the wars, and the intrigues of the State, but success and luxury gradually produced their usual enervating effects, and the spiritual functions of the Mikados, being the least onerous, absorbed more and more of their attention, while the executive power passed more and more completely into the hands of the commanders-in-chief. For many centuries these latter would appear

to have been mere adventurers, until the wars of the sixteenth century brought forward in succession three able men—Nobunanga, Taikosama, and Izevas; the last of whom devised the dual system of government which continued in force until the beginning of this year, and by which the executive power was formally handed over to the Shogoon, having his Court at Yedo, while the source or fountain of honours remained with the Mikado at Miako. That none of the Shigoons has ever attempted to depose the reigning Mikado is no doubt due to the extreme reverence in which the latter is held by all classes as a son of the gods. It is the fond belief of the Japanese peasantry even of the present day, that the descendants of the Spirits of the Sun and Moon have sat on the throne in unbroken succession from the earliest times until now. In the eleventh month of each year the Emperor is still said to attend and preside at the meeting of the Spirits in the province at Idzumo, when the mundane affairs of Japan for the ensuing year are settled, and the marriages to take place during that period are arranged by knotting together the "Yeng" or threads of existence of those who are to be united in matrimony. So real is this belief that during that time the inhabitants of the other provinces, under the impression that they are bereft of their guardian angels, cease to pray, and refrain from performing those ceremonies, such as marriages, adoptions, &c., at which the assistance of those personages should be invoked.

The law regulating the succession to the throne, a matter always attended with some degree of uncertainty in Oriental countries, has attracted much of the attention of Japanese statesmen, who by the traditions of their country are bound in duty, over and above the usual considerations, to secure, under any circumstances, the accession of a lineal descendant of the Spirits of the Sun and Moon. To this end four cadet families of the Imperial House have been selected and retained at the capital, from whose ranks, in case of the failure of a direct heir, one is chosen to reign over "the land of the rising sun." Two of these families have now ceased to be, and it is not likely that any inconvenience will ever result from their extinction, for it is difficult to suppose that, as the Emperor is allowed to marry one wife and to take to himself twelve concubines, there is much chance that there will ever be a want of a direct heir to sit on the throne of his fathers. The nobility of the country are divided into two classes—the Koongays and Daimios. The former are attached to the Court of the Mikado, the latter to that of the Shogoon. Much obscurity surrounds the early history of the Koongays. The probability is that at the time of Zinnmu, and for some centuries later, they occupied much the position at present held by the Daimios; but that, as the power of the Mikados declined, theirs also waned until they were reduced to be for the most part the Court pensioners that they now are. Very few possess land, and although holding rank far above the Shogoon and Daimios, they are in many cases reduced to great poverty, and think it no degradation to earn their livelihoods by teaching the fashionable game of football, or the gentlemanlike occupation of dressing dinners, or by the more equivocal means of selling their Court influence to Daimios who aspire after Imperial titles. Their daughters go out as governesses to the families of rich Daimios, to teach the young ladies the customs and language of the Court, and at the same time to act as spies on their fathers. In dress and habits they are quite distinct from the Daimios. They blacken their teeth, shave their eyebrows, and do not follow the usual custom of shaving the head. Civilians do not carry swords, the invariable mark of Daimios and their followers, and military men wear only one. No crime that they can commit is punishable by death; banishment to a monastery, or confinement in a single room, being the extreme sentence by law allowed to be passed upon them.

Next to these two classes of the nobility rank the Hattamoto or lower Daimio class, then the Hiaksho or farmers, and in succession the Shokonin or artisans, the Akindo or merchants, the Kweiamono, or actors, beggars, &c., the Yayta, or tanners, shoemakers, leather-cutters, and skimmers; and beneath these, occupying no social position but viewed as on a level with beasts, are prostitutes, and all connected with them. Separate from all these again, and forming a distinct sect called Gayra, are the gardeners in charge of the Imperial pleasure-grounds at Miako. For many centuries they have lived apart from their fellow-men in a few villages in the neighbourhood of the capital. They believe in one God, and hold that all men below the Emperor are equal. Like the Quakers among ourselves they object to the use of terms of respect to other men, or to titles, and quote as their authority the traditions of their race. Among all classes they are much respected for their ancient and pure lineage, and their children are often selected by Koongays for adoption.

The constitution of the Government partook, until the revolution of this year, of the clumsy dual system common to all the institutions of Japan. At Miako, the seat of the supreme Legislature, was established a Cabinet Council of four Ministers, who assist and advise the Emperor upon all matters of State. Under them were eight Boards, which had the direct management of the affairs of the Empire belonging to their respective departments. Some few of the highest of these offices were reserved for Koongays only, the others were for the most part filled by Daimios and Hattamoto. The duties of each officer were laid down with great minuteness, and no department, however menial, was without its imperially appointed Daimio or Hattamoto. Scavengers, dusters, spies, and tailors all had their official chiefs, while the sciences were repre-

* Japan; being a Sketch of the History, Government, and Officers of the Empire. By Walter Dickson. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1869.

sented by learned astrologers, astronomers, keepers of time by the clepsydra, composers of almanacs, &c. The Shogoon's Government at Yedo, though occupying nominally a lower platform, possessed a much greater executive importance than that of his Imperial master. In his duties he was assisted by the Gorochiu, or Council, consisting of four or five of the senior Daimios, all of whom were appointed by himself, and with whom were associated five Under Secretaries of State. These were supported by numberless officials, all possessing separate functions. Among others were the Jeeshabornio, or temple governors, who are described by Kämpfer as "imperial commissioners, inspectors, protectors, and the judges of all the temples and the monks belonging thereunto." All disputes between the clergy, such as lawsuits arising from disputed boundaries or revenues, all criminal cases, all disputes between Daimios, and between Samurai, or two-sworded gentlemen, and Hattamoto, were brought before them for decision. To their care also were entrusted the maintenance of the clergy, the preservation of the temples, and the registration of the people. Another class of high officials was the guardians of the eight high roads of Japan, whose duty it was to issue rules for Daimios and Hattamoto passing along these roads, and for merchants and farmers while travelling. All marriages among the Daimio class were reported to them, and it was part of their duty to receive secret information from their subordinates of all meetings among suspected persons, of anything of importance overheard at inns, and of the names and habits of the frequenters of brothels. The suppression of the Roman Catholic religion, and the careful registration of all converts, also formed part of their duty.

The introduction of foreign money into Japan has brought to light a position of affairs as regards the precious metals in that country which is unique in the history of civilized nations. The Japanese use neither silver nor gold as ornaments, nor, save in the manufacture of lacquer ware, in any useful way except as coins. The consequence is that the Mint, being the only purchaser, is able to set its own price on the bullion, and to attach an arbitrary value to the coin it produces. In this way it pays for silver bars thirty per cent. below the value which is afterwards put on the same weight of money. This system has been a fruitful cause of dispute between the Japanese and foreign Governments, for the former has always insisted upon foreign silver money being reckoned on a par with its own silver bullion, in order that it may not lose its thirty per cent. profit out of re-coinage.

The statistical and genealogical portions of Mr. Dickson's book, although containing much information that is very valuable, will, we suspect, fail to interest the general reader. There is a dryness about them which is calculated to repel any but real students. For instance, his list of the Daimios taken from the Yedo Court Guide occupies twenty pages, and possesses little to relieve the wearisome monotony inseparable from reading column after column of hard-sounding names. Nor is his description of them quite correct. He has, strangely enough, fallen into the common error of confounding the Government assessment, for the supply of troops, of the territories under the rule of the Daimios, with their incomes; yet between these two things there is a vast difference, for much of the land assessed, although within the jurisdiction of the Daimios under whose names it appears in the list, does not in any way belong to them. The rest of the book, and notably the chapters on the introduction of Christianity by the Jesuits into Japan, is very interesting. The accounts of the persecutions the Jesuits suffered at the hands of the Buddhist priests, and how in the hour of their prosperity they retaliated on their oppressors with terrible severity, are instructive and well told, and display conspicuously the inveterate hankering after political power which ever has been, and now is, the bane of the Jesuits in their intercourse with China and Japan. It is fortunate that this volume should have appeared before the old order of things has completely passed away, and before the new Constitution has wiped out the recollection of the Shogoon and his Court from the memory of men. Whatever the future of the country may be, Mr. Dickson's book will ever form a valuable record of the history and traditions of one of the most interesting peoples in the world.

DEBENHAM'S VOW.*

MISS EDWARDS may be congratulated. If *Debenham's Vow* is not quite equal to *Barbara's History*, which is her *chef d'œuvre* so far as she has yet gone, it is a long way in advance of *Half a Million of Money*, which was her *fiasco*. Beside other qualities, it has the merit of being decidedly unhacknied in tone. It is not often that a woman has the courage to make her hero prefer ambition to love, and yet preserve any loveableness of nature; for lady authors are generally so given to representing men either as moved by exactly the same and only the same emotional impulses as women, or else as unmitigated brutes, that one has learnt to despair of anything like a veracious picture of a man at their hands. We are therefore grateful to one who dares to leave the old beaten tracks for something more like the real thing, and who can paint her hero as a man neither of the Rochester and brutal type, nor yet as androgynous and a "curled darling." But for all that, we cannot wholly approve of Miss Edwards's hero, Temple De Benham; nor do we think that she

has drawn him quite in harmony with himself. A man of his tenacious character would scarcely have suffered himself to be drawn away from his first and only love so easily. He might have abandoned at once and for ever all idea of love and home happiness for the sake of his ambition, but he would not have paltered with his love for no adequate reason so far as we can see; still less would he have suffered himself to drift. Setting aside the likelihood of an artist, passionately attached to his art and used only to the extreme simplicity of a German student's life, giving up his art and the hope of that glory, dearer than any amount of mere wealth, to be had from artistic success, in order that he might buy back a long-lost family estate, would he have also given up, needlessly, the girl he had passionately loved and successfully wooed only a few hours before? Would he not rather have resolved to include her among the prizes he was to win; and only later, when or if he had found her incompatible with his graver object, have let her drop as a clog and an impediment? The love-scene in the little Welsh church, where the organ with its *vox humana* stop plays such an important part, and where the love-making is at once so ecstatic and so sensuous, does not prepare the reader for the sudden indifference that comes over the young musician when he learns that he is an English Baron, Count of the Holy Roman Empire into the bargain—De Benham, not plain plebeian Temple Debenham as heretofore—and that his family once possessed a certain old castle and estate belonging thereto which successive generations of spendthrifts had squandered. Surely the natural impulse of a strong man would have been, not to abandon, but to include in his better life, the first woman he had ever loved.

For a novice such as De Benham must have been in the art of love-making, his first essay was decidedly creditable, and by no means cold or weak. He and his fair friend, Juliet Alleyn, are in the little Welsh church together, while the father, Mr. Alleyn, is comfortably asleep in one of the pews below. Archie Blyth, Temple's *fidus Achates*, is at the back of the organ, blowing; Temple is improvising magnificently—the *motif* being Romeo and Juliet; and Juliet Alleyn understands this "song without words," and responds to it. The talk begins, at first uncertain and allusive, then bolder, warmer, more direct; then come the inevitable blushes and hand-touchings, and then the still more inevitable "I love you," followed by a pretty little girlish coquetry on her part, and by this proceeding on his:—

Miss Alleyn's hand had by this time returned, somehow or another, to the curtain-rail. He kissed it again, imprisoned it fast within his own, laid his cheek against it, felt it tremble, struggle for a moment to be free, and then yield itself passively into captivity. "I know I am not worthy of you," he said tenderly; "but I love you, and I will work for you, and some day you shall be proud of me."

"I am proud of you already," she whispered. His arm was round her waist now; but he was still sitting, she still standing, the envious curtain-rail still between them. He drew her nearer, but still not near enough. He laid his head back against the curtain-rail, but also against her bosom; for she was half bending over it. He looked up into her face with those dark, deep, passionate eyes that were his only personal beauty.

"If it is true," he said; "if it is not all a dream—kiss me." But she averted her face, and held back silently. "I have never been kissed in my life," he said simply, "except by my mother." . . . "For your mother's sake then," she whispered; and blushing crimson, bent forward and touched his forehead lightly with her lips.

So what with the *vox humana*, Juliet in the Garden, the kiss over the curtain-rail, and Mendelssohn's wedding-march to end with, Temple Debenham's first lesson in love-making was marvellously quickly studied. But what on earth Archie Blyth was doing behind the organ all the time the kissing was going on and the playing discontinued, and how Temple could have his arm round Miss Alleyn's waist, yet lay his head back over the rail and on her bosom, we cannot quite make out. These, however, are but minor matters, and of no importance either way.

This lovely blossoming, we are sorry to say, ripens into mere Dead Sea apples in the end, and the barren fruits of rank and title destroy all aspirations after art or love in the young organist's life; yet not in his mind; wherein is Miss Edwards's inconsistency, as we apprehend her book. At first he is drifting and irresolute rather than inconstant to Juliet Alleyn; and this is just what such a man would not have been. He throws up his artistic career, and becomes a confidential clerk or agent for Josiah Hardwicke, a rich City merchant, in which capacity his knowledge of Continental languages does him excellent service. In two years' time he makes sixty thousand pounds, but this exceptional success does not satisfy him, nor seem to him a sufficient basis on which to build a fortune commensurate with his desires; so in the coldest-blooded manner possible he sells himself and his empty title to Hardwicke's rich and handsome sister Claudia, without the faintest figment of love on either side. Surely so proud a man would have waited a little longer for the chance of making his own way alone. Though men do sometimes sell themselves to women they do not love, they are not men of the Temple Debenham stamp. He was affectionate, though reserved and bad-tempered; his life had been pure, therefore he had none of the moral flabbiness which often accompanies sensual habits; he was resolute, and resolute men are more apt to act on the well-known motto "*Italia farà da sé*" than to make a successful beginning, and put up themselves and the ending to auction. His intense worldly ambition, too, contrasts oddly with his contemptuous nature and earlier disdainful manners, unless we are to read these as the signs of secret envy; his easily excited temper scarcely fits in with his habitual reserve on the one

* *Debenham's Vow*. By Amelia B. Edwards, Author of "*Barbara's History*," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

hand, and his affectionateness on the other; and his drifting is not in accordance with his power of will. We see these inconsistencies in real life certainly, but then we have fixed physiological facts before us as guide-posts for the cross-roads; in a book, where the lines are necessarily broader and simpler, these perhaps quite natural but subtle and contradictory qualities come with a certain jar and crudeness and sense of unfitness not to be easily got over.

Debenham's Vow is undeniably a clever book; we trust we shall not seem to be hypercritical if we say too clever; but it is so. It is a literary *tour de force* throughout. No woman could possibly have written of the things which Miss Edwards has handled with so much apparent ease, unless she had been thoroughly well coached. Heaven forbid that it should be necessary for all authors to pass through the scenes they describe; still, even murder, and the rest of the crimes popular at this moment, may be evolved out of the depths of internal consciousness, being facts founded on feelings which can be evoked by imagination. But imagination has nothing to do with descriptions of how the *Stormy Petrel* ran the blockade at Charleston; with the peculiarities of a Yankee pilot's slang; with the details of a sea-fight; or the price of "middling uplands," and the arcana of commercial transactions generally. Miss Edwards cannot have known anything whatever of all that she has so courageously undertaken to describe, and though she is often ludicrously wrong, still she has been evidently coached even on her wrong track; hence her book, though smart and clever, has an air of unreality about it, and irresistibly reminds one of a boy's part played by a slender-waisted girl. At the best, the strut and the swagger and the dainty little oaths and the rollicking song are mere shams, pretences without substance or stamina in them; and the same is true of all the pseudo-masculinity of *Debenham's Vow*. It would have been better if Miss Edwards had written of things that she actually knows, instead of giving fancy sketches of what she cannot possibly have ever witnessed or experienced. Again, is she right in her social postulate when she makes "Josiah Hardwicke, Esquire, of Strathellan House, Regent's Park, and Hardwicke Hall, Kent," a man of "very considerable wealth, and much respected in the commercial world," hold this conversation with his sister?—

"I think," he said, "as Lord Stockbridge has called, we may venture to ask him to dinner." "Venture!" echoed the lady, haughtily. "Yes; do you object to the word? A plain City merchant who invites to his table a man of Lord Stockbridge's rank—" He stopped, suddenly silenced by the look with which she turned upon him. "Lord Stockbridge," she said, "is no demigod. He is in debt. His estates are mortgaged. And his past life, from what I have heard, seems to have been little better than the life of an adventurer."

Now this Lord Stockbridge was by no means exclusive, any more than he was personally respectable; Josiah was rich, Claudia was also rich, and magnificently beautiful, and both brother and sister knew her social value; it was hardly then like a pushing, prosperous, honourable City merchant to speak with such exaggerated deference of a penniless, broken-down old reprobate, simply because he was a lord; nor is this dread of intrusiveness what we see in London at the present day. Again, Claudia lives but for one object—position. From her earliest childhood she had resolved to make her beauty and her fortune buy her a title. When about to be married to De Benham she leans "back with half-closed eyes and folded hands, and told herself that she was well content with the life she had chosen"—:

Estimating her beauty and fortune at their value, she had resolved from her earliest childhood to achieve position. It was the one good thing which she prized above all other good things of the world. Living ever among moneyed citizens, she had come to aspire almost passionately to that purer and finer air in which the upper ten thousand live and have their being. And now this good thing was to be hers; the finer air to be her daily atmosphere. Already she saw herself mistress of a spacious town-house in Grosvenor or Portman Square, going to Court, driving in the Park, with her powdered footmen and her coroneted carriage, entertaining, visiting, presiding over the opening festivities at Benhampton Castle, holding her own among the noblest in the land.

But how was all this to be done—save the opening festivities at Benhampton Castle—by marrying an unknown man, who had risen suddenly from the ranks as a resuscitated peer? A man of established position would have given her the status she desired; for after all her brother Josiah could have hired a house in Portman Square, let her drive with powdered footmen in the Park, and got her presented at Court, if he could not have commanded the coronet and the daily breath of the upper ten; but De Benham could give her almost as little as her brother. Baron as he was by law, and Count of the Holy Roman Empire to boot, he was a nobody in the fashionable world, without social power, influence, or standing. It was all to do, like the rebuilding of Benhampton Castle. His title and her wealth, and the romance attached to his history, would make their mark in time; but at first she would have but the mere name of position, till she and her husband had found their drawing-room godmothers. It is strange that so clever a writer as Miss Edwards should have made so great a blunder.

If we might compress into one word the pith of what fault we have to find with this book, it would be simply, affectation. This is the worst thing that we can say of it, but it is its central fault. The style, though good in general, and often happy, is also very frequently affected; the assumption of impossible knowledge is affected; and the characters of Temple and Claudia are affected. But even this is a small fault compared with the graver ones of so many modern novelists; and there are merits and beauties which go some way to redress the balance. The story is pure and interesting, and most of the characters are natural, while some are charming. We have left ourselves no space to speak

of the other personages of the drama—of pretty, patient, loving Juliet Alleyn, whom De Benham treats so cavalierly; of her selfish and self-indulgent father, artist and *beau viveur*, with a faint echo of Skimpole prosperous about him; of Archie Blyth, honest, generous, devoted, but as soft-headed as he is tender-hearted; of Josiah Hardwicke, who however is a bungle, being made so humble and yet so shrewd, so sycophantic and yet so manly, so utterly unlike the successful British merchant. On the whole, the story is well thought and cleverly done; and we credit Miss Edwards with ability to overcome the faults we have pointed out, as well as with the honesty to see them when fairly placed before her.

HORSES AND HORSE-SHOES.*

WILLIAM DICK was the only son of an Edinburgh farrier, and, from being brought up to assist his father, acquired at an early age some familiarity with the treatment of disease in horses. At the early age of twenty-four he was sent to London to study at the Veterinary College, and as soon as he had obtained his diploma he returned to Edinburgh, where he lived and laboured ever after. At that time (1818) veterinary science was at the lowest ebb in Scotland. The regular practitioners were so few in number as to be practically powerless, and quackery of every kind was practised in the treatment of animals suffering from real or supposed diseases. An instance or two may be given in illustration of the prevailing ignorance. An ox labouring under constipation was entrusted to the care of the local farrier, who proceeded to take a fine trout from the adjoining stream and committed it "to the gullet of the patient, under the assurance that it would soon work its way through all impediments, and speedy relief be afforded." (*Memoirs*, p. 10.) It is needless to say that the trout was seen no more, and that the ox died. Even fourteen or fifteen years after Dick had commenced his labours the most absurd superstitions flourished, as, for instance, of the existence of a disease called tail-slip or tail-ill. Whatever the real nature of the animal's complaint, whether the lungs or the liver, the stomach or the heart, were in reality disordered, the tail was always assumed to be the peccant part:—

"If ye would take our advice [said a "gudewife" to one of Mr. Dick's correspondents] we would learn you to cure it. . . . Just gang to the garden, and get garlic. Ye maun shear it sma' wi' a knife next, and then ye'll slit up the saft part o' the tail. There you will find a white thing like a worm in the middle; this is the thing that makes it saft. Ye maun dress it wi' salt and garlic mixed, tie it wi' a tar clout and scarlet thread, and there is no doubt but the cow will come round if it be not our lang gane on."

Elsewhere the custom was to bind a piece of the rowan tree to the extremity of the tail, and to make a black cat pass three times round the cow's body, over her back and under her belly. It was an uphill work to fight against long-established quackery and deep-rooted superstitions, but Dick was not a man to be easily discouraged. In 1823 the Highland Society came to his support, and by 1830 twenty-six of his pupils were duly qualified for veterinary practice. He appears to have been a very successful lecturer, and by the solicitous interest which he manifested in the progress of his pupils to have won their entire confidence and regard. In 1839 he obtained from Government a recognition of his school, and of the rights of his pupils to share in appointments that had hitherto been reserved for students of the London Veterinary College exclusively; and in 1844 the Royal Charter was granted to the College of Veterinary Surgeons, London, and the Edinburgh Veterinary College was admitted to an equal share in all the privileges thereby conferred. This was the crowning success of Dick's life; but he was not allowed to maintain the position he had won without a struggle. An opposition College was set up in Edinburgh, but after languishing for a few years it was abandoned. Between the Colleges of London and Edinburgh there was a good deal of unreasonable jealousy, and veterinarians with the Scotch diploma were often treated with scant courtesy by the London examiners when competing for English appointments. But Mr. Dick was always ready to take up the cudgels on behalf of his pupils, and he had the satisfaction of seeing that the Government in no way encouraged the favouritism of the London Board. No fewer than 818 veterinary surgeons graduated at the Edinburgh College under Mr. Dick, and upwards of 1,000 students attended his lectures who did not apply for a diploma. His uneventful but useful life closed in 1866, and his College, which he bequeathed to the Lord Provost and Town Council of Edinburgh, is a standing proof of his energy and perseverance. As a veterinarian, Mr. Dick was distinguished by his accurate anatomical knowledge and by a quick perception of the seat of disease that almost amounted to an instinct. It used to be remarked of him that, sitting in his room upstairs at the College, he could usually specify the lame limb, and often the actual seat of lameness, merely from hearing the maimed

* *Occasional Papers on Veterinary Subjects.* By William Dick, Founder of the Edinburgh Veterinary College, &c. With a Memoir by R. O. Pringle, Editor of the "Irish Farmer's Gazette." Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1869.

Horse-Shoes and Horse-Shoeing: their Origin, History, Uses, and Abuses. By George Fleming, F.R.G.S., F.A.S.L., Veterinary Surgeon, Royal Engineers; Author of "Travels on Horseback in Manchou Tartary," &c. With 210 Illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall. 1869.

Horses and Stables. By Colonel F. Fitzwygram, XV. The King's Hussars. With Illustrations. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

animal trot along the street below him. But, though quick, he was never in a hurry, nor did he make his faculty of rapid detection an excuse for neglecting the most careful and systematic examination of the affected part. Thus his opinions, when once formally declared, carried immense weight, and in the Scotch Law Courts it was a common observation that Dick's evidence was decisive. This volume of occasional papers gives one of course little more than a glimpse at the labours of a lifetime, but they are written with a precision, a judicial calmness, and a determination to discover the truth and the whole truth of each particular case, that are strongly characteristic of the man. As such they are no unworthy memorial of one who may fairly claim the title of creator of veterinary science in Scotland.

Mr. Fleming's handsome volume does credit to his industry and perseverance in obtaining information from nearly every available authority, ancient or modern, on pretty nearly every conceivable subject connected with the horse and his rider or his driver, as the case may be; but it is sadly overlaid with quotations, and the greater part of it is so digressive and desultory that we keep on wondering whether we shall ever come to any substantial arguments about the matters specially named in the title-page, horse-shoes and horse-shoeing. Indeed the pith of the volume, for practical purposes, is in the last three or four chapters, which contain a serviceable summary of the improvements effected by modern farriery, ending, as might be expected, in the recommendation of a new form of shoe, invented by the author himself, which he believes to be superior to any that have been lately submitted to public notice. More of this, however, hereafter. What we wish to point out is the inutility of such discursive and voluminous discussions as abound in Mr. Fleming's early chapters. Few people, for instance, have either leisure or inclination to wade through the mass of authorities collected by him from p. 15 to p. 86, in proof that neither the Greeks nor the Romans were acquainted with the art of shoeing horses. It is so well understood that the balance of evidence is quite against the use of fixed metallic shoes by Greeks or Romans that it was a work of supererogation to take us all through the classics and their commentators, beginning with Homer and ending with Scaliger, in order to establish a proposition which is almost universally accepted. Excessive quotation is not only wearisome in the extreme, especially when used to produce a negative result, but also savours of pedantry. It is unavoidable in questions left to critical scholarship, which can be solved by no other method; as, for instance, by using the stores of his reading to prove that Thricelean cups were not made till a century after the era of Phalaris, and that the city of Phintia was not in existence a century and a-half later, Bentley was materially helped on in his demonstration of the spuriousness of the letters ascribed to the Sicilian tyrant. But the excuse, valid in his case for a parade of learning, cannot be allowed to Mr. Fleming. A single paragraph would have sufficed to remind ordinary readers that shoes fastened by nails to the horse's hoofs were unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and we should then have been spared the sight of many misprints of Greek words which now afflict the eye, and somewhat diminish the respect due to an exhibition of so much industrious research.

Mr. Fleming is equally diffuse in his historical sketch of the rise and progress of the farrier's art in this country. He gives us page after page about Wayland Smith and mythic smiths in general; about Oakham Castle and its horse-shoes; about Druidism and the Samothracian mysteries; about St. Egwin, and how he cursed the smiths of Alcester; about St. Dunstan and St. Eloy, the saintly ironworkers of England and France, so that legend and tale, often accompanied with accurate illustrations, carry us along till we find ourselves almost at the five hundredth page without having the ghost of an idea of what shape or what manner of thing a good horse-shoe should be. After that we are bound to say Mr. Fleming sticks to business, discusses his subject soberly and judiciously, and appears to base his opinions on grounds of common sense as opposed to fashion or theory. A horse-shoe is at best a compromise between two evils. On the one hand, it is an evil to work a horse on roads and hard ground to which his feet are not naturally adapted, without protecting them by an artificial defence; and, on the other hand, it is an evil to hamper the free action of the foot by tacking on to it a fixed and permanent artificial addition. The problem is to steer clear of these two evils; and the solution of it, to say the most, can only be approximately accomplished. Despite the almost infinite varieties of horse-shoes that have been, and are still continually being, brought before the world, they differ in little else but minute points of detail; their general form, like that of the plough, remains unaltered. Mr. Fleming's remarks on this point are worth quoting:—

The earliest model of an iron shoe we can discover differs but little in form from those now in every-day use; and perhaps there are not many arts which have attracted a larger share of attention and experiment. . . . Books have been written by scores, promulgating new methods; patents innumerable have thrown their egis over inventions doomed never to be adopted; expensive machines have been devised for the speedy manufacture of shoes of a particular shape or quality of metal—yet what is the result? That, with one or two exceptions, little change has been wrought, and shoes resembling in shape those in use ages ago are still in universal repute, and are not likely to be supplanted for some time to come, while the mode of fastening them to the hoofs by nails cannot, it appears, be replaced by any other yet proposed.

The chief desiderata of a good shoe, as good as under all circumstances can fairly be expected, are three. First, it must fit accurately to the foot; secondly, it must be so shaped and fixed as to admit of the natural functions of the foot being performed

with the least possible obstruction; and, thirdly, its ground surface must be made to catch the ground sufficiently to keep the horse from slipping. The chief faults of bad shoes are that their foot surface only rests on certain parts of the hoof, so that the foot does not equally support the horse's weight; that from the excessive number of nails used the crust is split and weakened; and that the foothold or grip is obtained by means of inequalities and prominences on the ground surface of the shoe, which also prevent the equal and even pressure of the foot. Apart from all these evils, instances of each and all of which, with appropriate illustrations, are quoted by Mr. Fleming in his survey of modern French and English farriery, there remains the great and crying vice of diminishing, and ultimately almost destroying, the insensible part of the horse's hoof by perpetual paring and rasping. By this pernicious custom, blindly followed by ignorant farriers, and too often permitted by owners, the natural defence of the foot is ruthlessly cut away, and at last only the thinnest residuum of horn is left between the exquisitely sensitive part called the sensible sole, and the iron shoe. In the words of Mr. Fleming, "this evil of paring and rasping must be looked upon as the greatest and most destructive of all that pertains to shoeing, or even to our management of the horse." For this reason he is unable to recommend a much-talked-of shoe, named after its inventor, Mr. Goodenough, in the application of which the maltreatment of the hoof is intensified rather than diminished. In addition the ground surface of the Goodenough shoe is studded with projections, which not only affect the even pressure of the foot, but are also likely to inflict severe wounds and bruises in case of the horse over-reaching himself. Mr. Fleming's own shoe (p. 665) has the ground surface bevelled so as to obtain a firm catch of the ground while at the same time enabling the foot to perform its functions uniformly, and we need hardly say that he insists on the hoof being kept as much as possible untouched by the knife and the rasp. At the same time, as no shoe has ever yet been invented that was not liable to some fault or other, it would be perhaps a little too much to suppose that Mr. Fleming's will successfully defy criticism.

Colonel Fitzwygram, well known as the author of an excellent tract entitled *Notes on Shoeing*, has now published a manual on the construction of stables, and the choice and management of horses, which ought to be in the hands of every one interested in the noble animal whose services are so invaluable to man. The book is most conveniently divided into short paragraphs, and every separate point is handled with singular clearness and in the fewest possible words. As an instance, we would refer to Chapter 5, on *Forage*, where, in the compass of thirty pages, all necessary information will be found about oats, beans, hay, grass, clover, and artificial foods, while the excellent illustrations of the flowering heads of the chief varieties of meadow grasses will be most serviceable to purchasers of hay, assisting them in the selection of an article of food as important as it is often indifferent in quality. The chapters on the diseases to which the horse is subject are remarkable as much for their accuracy of definition as for avoidance of cumbrous scientific terminology; and the points of conformation, those to be sought after and those to be avoided, are made clear in a series of excellent illustrations, true and defectively shaped limbs being placed side by side, so that the contrast is apparent even to the most inexperienced. Altogether, there is not a page in this excellent volume that cannot be read with profit.

FAWCETT'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

WE do not as a rule take notice of new editions of books, and Mr. Fawcett's *Manual of Political Economy* is sufficiently well known by persons interested in the subject not to require any general criticism. It possesses certain solid merits as a plain, simple, and comprehensive statement of the most orthodox views of the science. For the most part it follows very closely Mr. Mill's standard treatise, and seldom diverges into any marked originality. Its chief merit is perhaps in the illustrations derived from contemporary history, which redeem it to some extent from the general dryness of such treatises, and generally show the shrewdness of a hard-headed observer. We have no intention, however, of dwelling upon these merits, or upon certain defects of style which might possibly require notice if the book were appearing for the first time. But in the present edition Mr. Fawcett has added two chapters, to which it may be as well to call attention just now. They do not, any more than the rest of the book, make any claims to originality. On the contrary, the substance of the arguments contained in them has been constantly put forward in a great variety of ways almost ever since political economy claimed the title of a science. But they are a very forcible and compressed statement of certain truths which, familiar as they ought to be, are neglected almost in proportion to their importance. A great deal is being said at the present moment about pauperism, charity, and education—as, to say the truth, people must be dull indeed for whom those topics should not at the present moment have a deep interest. But the want of any general principle in most of these discussions, and the indifference of the public mind to many essential considerations, is so strongly marked, and is productive of such unfortunate consequences, that

* *Manual of Political Economy.* By Henry Fawcett, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. Third Edition. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

it may be worth while to go over once more the well-worn arguments. Penny-a-liners can talk a great deal of nonsense, when it suits their purpose, about the inexorable laws of supply and demand; but in the very discussions in which an appeal to those laws would have some meaning they shrink from mentioning them, and judiciously substitute a mass of sentimental rhetoric.

Let us follow shortly Mr. Fawcett's argument. The simple old schemes for raising the rate of wages which still find favour in various disguises are all liable to two obvious objections. A direct law, for example, that every workman should have ten per cent. more than he has now, would be a tax upon profits, and would discourage the accumulation of the fund by which the labourer must be supported. It would be cutting off one end of the blanket to sew it on to the other. In the next place, if we admit that some exceptions may be found to this rule, there is a further result equally certain and injurious. Thus it might conceivably happen, as Mr. Fawcett suggests, that a law compelling a rise in the rate of agricultural wages would begin by doing good, because the increased means of support might increase the efficiency of labour. It is worth while to pay the Northumberland labourer more than his Dorsetshire rival, because he does more work; by putting more fuel into the machine it becomes more powerful. Or, again, taxation supplied by savings from personal expenditure instead of from capital, as may happen under certain circumstances, and applied to public works, would of course raise for a time the income of the labouring classes; and thus may justify exceptional measures such as those adopted in the Lancashire famine. But here, again, the advantage will at best be temporary, unless a corresponding improvement is made in the labourer's standard of living. If, as is too generally the case, he remains as improvident as before and multiplies as fast as he can, the only possible result will be that, instead of having the same number of poor with higher wages, we shall have a greater number of poor at the same wages. The remedy for this, according to Mr. Fawcett, is to be sought in a system of national education; and he gives us the well-known arguments, which we need not follow out, as to the connexion between crime, pauperism, and ignorance, and the serious effects upon our commerce of the want of education amongst the artisans. We will only notice one argument which deserves consideration, as to the effects of compulsory education on the agricultural labourer. It is often said that such a law would in substance be a heavy tax on the poor man, as depriving him of the assistance of his children. Mr. Fawcett argues that his wages are already at a minimum; that "a calculation is made of the smallest amount upon which he can live," in which the earnings of his family are taken into account. Consequently, if he were taxed by taking away those earnings, his wages would be necessarily increased; the loss would fall upon his employers, and would be soon repaid to them by the greater efficiency of his labour. A good deal might obviously be said upon this, both as to the accuracy of the assumptions and the fairness of the inference. We only notice it as an argument which will doubtless be used and which deserves some consideration.

We pass on, however, to apply the same principles to the question of the Poor-law. A Poor-law, according to Mr. Fawcett, is necessarily demoralizing. One simple case puts the whole argument. Two men earn the same wages. The industrious man saves enough to purchase a small annuity for his old age; the other spends his earnings in drink, and being old and penniless comes upon the parish. If the industrious man should ask the parish for a shilling a week to increase his comforts, they must of course tell him that he has an annuity, and that they cannot give him a farthing. Meanwhile his neighbour receives perhaps three shillings a week as a direct consequence of his recklessness. In other words, the direct preaching of the Poor-law in the most effective form of example instead of precept is just this:—Don't be prudent, don't save for your old age, because it shall make as little difference to you as possible whether you save or not. Such cases, in one form or another, constantly occur. It is an inseparable evil of all forms of charity, and especially of that which is legal and compulsory, that prudence must be systematically discouraged; and yet prudence is the one essential virtue which can raise our working-classes above their present position.

It is well [says Mr. Fawcett] that people should as soon as possible become accustomed to the idea that manifold evils result from the claim which is now possessed to demand maintenance as a legal right; the abolition of this right ought therefore to be anticipated as a more than probable contingency. Unless some such warning as this is given, adequate preparations will never be made to meet the new state of things.

The fact that the poor could save if they would is sufficiently demonstrated by the simple fact that they already spend enough upon spirits and beer to provide them, if otherwise applied, with a comfortable maintenance in their old age. Without following out these principles into other questions, such as that of private charity and its fearful waste of means, we will only remark that the same arguments apply with equal force to the now popular remedy of emigration. A State system of emigration would imply that every man had a right, if he could not get employment elsewhere, to be provided with a piece of land in the colonies. Private emigration at least makes people save enough to pay their own passage. If they could demand that assistance from the rates, another distinct discouragement would be given to prudence. It is generally forgotten, in spite of Malthus, that emigration does not necessarily diminish population, and that it can only be useful so far as it does diminish it. Once made into a

system, instead of being used for a temporary emergency, it would be, like all other forms of charity, a premium upon rash and indiscriminate multiplication.

This, with certain necessary additions and qualifications, is the bare political economy of the matter, and it is gratifying that a gentleman of such radical propensities as Mr. Fawcett should speak such unpleasant truths so plainly. They condemn at once a large part of the ingenious schemes which could only end in pauperizing more hopelessly a larger section of our population. What is the moral? It is not that the Poor-law should be summarily abolished, for, to say nothing else, it is an insurance against revolution. Nor that all charity should be stopped; for charity administered with a discretion, such, in truth, as we seldom see, may be made a means of encouraging the poor to help themselves. If we could substitute mere blank despair, and tell everybody that he should starve unless he would work, we might still have at the bottom of the social scale that hideous sediment of helpless poverty which appeals to us by its mass and the apparent difficulty of relieving it. But we may state the resulting principle in the simplest form, by saying that no form of charity is tolerable which does not recognise as a primary and essential condition of success, that the character and intelligence of the people must be raised as well as their physical wants provided for. There are many subsidiary methods of working towards this result. But it requires to be stated, as openly and as emphatically as possible, that a neglect or transgression of this rule can only lead to disappointment. We hope that Mr. Fawcett's arguments may do something towards impressing this upon his hearers.

NATURE-STUDY.*

IT is, we know, the duty of a reviewer to give careful consideration to every book before him, and to present his readers with a clear statement of its purpose, merits, and demerits. We may as well discharge our consciences at once by confessing that, in the present case, we find ourselves totally unable to perform the latter half of this duty, being in much the same state of puzzlement as Alice at that delectable tea-party in Wonderland—"The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English." So Dr. Dircks certainly writes English—rather magnificent English, too; but his paragraphs flow on with a gentle murmur through page after page without conveying any notion of the drift of his writing. From a perusal of the title-page we might imagine the author to be a rival to that illustrious professor in the Academy of Projectors by whose contrivance "the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study." But by the time we get to the end of the preface our hopes are dashed by a modest disclaimer of any power of turning out poets to order, like the sage of Lagado; the humbler fame of an improved kind of *Gradus ad Parnassum* is all that is aimed at:—

The knowledge of a well-ordered system, although it may serve to constitute an able critic, can never do more for the artist than assist his natural genius and talent; where these are deficient, no system whatever can elevate mediocrity. And in like manner the founder of a system can rarely claim to have performed more than deducing from the labours of others a key or grammar for future guidance in some particular line of study. The author, therefore, although not himself a poet, hopes that by having classified and arranged a great number and variety of examples, and shown from them the several ways in which universal nature has affected poetic minds at different times and under many shades of circumstances, he has increased the facilities for future students of the same subject, to an extent which may eventually lead to the establishment of an uniform method of Nature-Study.

Accordingly, after demonstrating at considerable length that "the lapse of centuries" has not "sufficed to originate any definite method of studying nature," our author leads us through a fearful array of quotations from all poets, great and small, arranged under heads, as "Celestial," "Terrestrial," "Man," "Universe," and filling some six or seven chapters. Inasmuch as Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Scott are largely drawn upon, these quotations furnish by far the most interesting reading in the book, and we should think there was some danger of the student never getting beyond them. For such, however, as do not turn faint-hearted at the idea of again encountering the weary monotony of the text, the grand secret is at length unveiled, the momentous question proposed in the preface, "How should I study nature if I were a poet?" is at length answered. All great discoveries, when once made, seem the most obvious and simple things in the world, and this of Dr. Dircks is no exception to the rule. The aspirant to fame is forthwith to arm himself with a commonplace-book wherewith to make systematic notes.

Now one would be sorry to say that commonplace-books are not very useful things in their way. Mrs. Rachel Waverley's commonplace-book, in which were to be found choice recipes for cookery and medicine, favourite texts, extracts from High-Church divines, songs amatory and Jacobitical, and an early poetical composition of her nephew's, was doubtless a valuable miscellany. To

* *Nature-Study; or the Art of Attaining those Excellencies in Poetry and Eloquence which are mainly dependent on the manifold Influences of Universal Nature.* By Henry Dircks, C.E., LL.D., F.R.S.E., M.R.S.L., Author of "Life of the Marquis of Worcester," "Life of Samuel Hartlib," &c. London: E. Moxon, Son, & Co. 1869.

proceed from fiction to truth, Maria Edgeworth was addicted to making notes of men and things, although in rather too public a manner, as one who accidentally met her and her father in a steam-boat discovered to his intense disgust. He was a good talker, and not unwilling to display his gifts before the novelist; but just as he was in the full flow of conversation he was brought up by Mr. Edgeworth whispering to his daughter, "Maria—your note-book." But the ideal commonplace-book of our author is something quite different; "heterogeneous remarks" are sternly prohibited. Even Southey, who noted his observations of sea and sky, beasts, birds, and plants, in a desultory manner, is spoken of—respectfully indeed, but with a slight tone of pity—as one who was seeking without success for the right road. The student of nature, instructed according to the newest lights, is not to put down things just as they strike him, but to "endeavour, under different headings, to produce an exhaustive syllabus or analysis of each proposed subject." We extract one such "syllabus" from a number given for our guidance:—

Strength of material, of sense, of mind, or with the meaning of power to resist. Man may have the strength of a giant, in animals there is that of the elephant, in trees the oak, in metals iron, among stones flint. There is the strength of a number of men, or animals, even of rushes as a bundle of rushes. The power to hold together is exemplified by the law of gravity, cohesive affinity. Weakness may display strength to overcome obstacles, as the placid air roused to a hurricane; the ocean, in a storm; or a spark of fire blown to a considerable flame. The strongest wood is made up of silken fibres; the hardest marble of pearly and almost atomic grains.

If any one finds either pleasure or profit in stringing together platitudes on Speed, Evanescent, Decay, or Strength, and considers the result suggestive of poetry or eloquence, we should be the last to grudge him so harmless an amusement; but, for ourselves, we are strongly reminded of those themes, fairly written on ruled paper and fastened together with sky-blue ribbon, which boarding-school young ladies produce as proofs of their progress during the past half-year. Our author, however, intimates that his method, like many others, only requires a fair trial; the student who follows out the prescribed course of "generalizing," "particularizing," and composing of "analytical programmes" will find ideas occurring to him "apparently unsought for," and will, we suppose, attain to such an acquaintance with nature as to leave poor creatures like Wordsworth and Tennyson far behind:—

Whether we examine Nature, commencing with Material Objects, or whether we examine it to find illustrations for Metaphysical, Physical, Moral, or Religious truths, and look from them to find Nature apt associations with each, the result attained will be the same: that is, such an acquaintance with Nature as has never hitherto been obtained when the same object has been followed in a desultory way, with only occasional and remote favourable results.

"The result attained," one would have thought more likely to be a vast development of the *genus* Prig; though of course there is no speaking positively on a system till it has been tried; for, to quote a sapient remark of our author's, "It is not, at present, given to man to be prophetic, whatever may be his destiny in future ages." Still it is a little discouraging to find that in spite of his nature-study Dr. Dircks is, by his own confession, "not himself a poet."

He favours us, however, with a good deal of original criticism. He disapproves of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and does not altogether approve of Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*. He has "heard it asserted that poetry cannot be written on the rules of geometry," and is "firmly convinced that such is the fact." He speaks of passages in

our older poets which it were hypocritical to notice had they not been adopted as authority for extending such fanciful improvements on Nature. Shakespeare says:—

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Now a dramatic writer is not answerable for the statements made by his characters. The banished duke was undoubtedly mistaken in his views upon toads; but is it reasonable to expect that he should have particularly devoted himself to the study of that much-slandered reptile? Perhaps Dr. Dircks would rebuke Shakespeare for making the witches speak of the "blindworm's sting"; yet if any one will take the trouble of posting himself opposite to the case of blindworms in the Zoological Gardens, and listen to the remarks of the intelligent public, he will soon learn that popular natural history has not made much progress since the days of James I.

The author further observes that "minuteness, littleness, smallness, generally offend under Wordsworth's treatment," and he quotes sundry passages in proof, particularly from *Heartleap Well*:—

In the second part he observes—

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
It chanced that I saw, standing in a dell,
Three aspens, at three corners of a square;
And one, not four yards distant, near a well:

and again, further on—

And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Alfred Tennyson, in his *Godiva*, had possibly the foregoing poem in mind when he wrote—

His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind.

Really it would take the genius of a Fluellen to see the resemblance between these passages:—"Tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both." There are furlongs and yards in the one poem, yards and feet in the other, and furlongs, yards, feet, are all statute measures. But there the likeness ceases. Minute measurements are given by Wordsworth with the intention of producing an effect of scrupulous accuracy and truth; he means his readers to believe that his aspens stood exactly as he says; but no one is bound to believe that "the grim earl's" locks were exactly a yard long. Tennyson gives us a bold off-hand description of an unkempt ruffian, and we do not stop to "cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

We must remark, by the way, that the sense of propriety is carried a little too far by our author when he softens Pope's well-known lines thus:—

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how they possibly got there.

To make a master of terse and vigorous English answerable for such a slipshod expression is simply libellous; and Dr. Dircks is not even consistent, seeing that some pages earlier he prints another, but equally mangled, version of the lines in all their native profanity. In another place he attempts to be super-accurate by quoting "The Spacious Firmament on high" as "A. Marvell's *Hymn*; From Addison's *Spectator*, No. 465." The authority on which he relies is probably the preface to Marvell's works published in 1776 by Captain Edward Thompson, who had come into possession of a manuscript book of poems which he described as being partly written with Marvell's own hand, "and the rest copied by his order." Finding three of the *Spectator's* hymns in this book, he forthwith claimed them for Marvell. Considering that Captain Thompson's rash assertion was challenged the year it was made, and again the year following in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that it has since been often controverted, that Professor Morley in his recent edition of the *Spectator* considers it entirely disproved, and that Sir Roundell Palmer in his *Book of Praise* does not even condescend to notice it, we think Dr. Dircks has no right to assign the authorship to Marvell without even hinting a doubt on the subject. If he chooses to believe, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, that Captain Thompson proved his case, he should at least append a note stating the grounds of his belief.

Accuracy of printing is not a strong point of the book before us. To say nothing of "Semetic" and "Indio-Germanic," we have *Gæa* introduced as "*Gæa*," the infamous kinsman of Cressida as "Pandurus," and Tennyson's Adeline as "Adelaine;" Crabbe's "ragged infant" is changed to *rugged*, the Veiled Prophet is styled "of Kharassan," and the Last Rose of Summer is left without a flower of her kindred "to reflect back her *flashes*." Even the title-page opens upon us with a misprint in its motto:—

Parcus Decorum cultor, et infrequens.

Surely it would have been but common prudence to avoid irritating the neophyte in "Nature-Study" on the very threshold of the temple.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—No. III.

WE had begun to think that, like the Cattle Show, the annual exhibition of Christmas Books had this year somewhat fallen off. But the later arrivals reassure us. In the way of quantity we have certainly nothing to complain of, except to note an excess; and in the way of quality the average is undoubtedly maintained, especially in the class of illustrated books which will retain a permanent interest. If we have fewer and less ambitious picture-books of the occasional and sensational type, we have many which aim at more than an ephemeral glitter on the drawing-room table.

Messrs. Bell and Daldy, who certainly take the lead in publications of high artistic aim, have given us in *Turner's Celebrated Landscapes* sixteen of that great artist's most important works. They are reproduced in a reduced size, from the engravings with which we are all familiar, by the autotype process, which promises to supersede all other forms of facsimile. The permanence of this process being, we trust, guaranteed, there is nothing to complain of in it except a degree of foxiness in the tint, and something of blur and indistinctness in the shadows. That fine line-engravings in good condition can ever be displaced by this reproduction is neither to be expected nor wished; but for memoranda of great practical value, accessible as to size and cost, the process has its advantages. It is superfluous to enlarge upon Turner's merits, and it only remains for us to hail this handsome volume with great commendation. We do not much like the literary portion of the work; it is Ruskin and water; and though the gorgeous romance which Mr. Ruskin, much out of his own consciousness, has developed as the record of Turner's genius, will always be interesting in a literary point of view, we do not want the biography as well as the engravings autotyped and reduced. The facts of Turner's life are miserable enough after all that can be said in extenuation of it.

They run us hard in Paris. We have received through Messrs. Asher a noble volume, *Les Chefs-d'Œuvre de la Peinture italienne*, from the sumptuous press of Messrs. Didot. The letterpress by M. Paul Mantz is not so difficult a task now that so much has been written, from Vasari down to our own days, on Italian art and artists; and it is a satisfaction to us to feel

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that, both in the chromolithographs and in the literary matter, the French have only followed our lead. Our own Arundel Society has done much to popularize Italian art in England, and so have the works of Mrs. Jameson, Sir Charles Eastlake, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. In this collection the chromolithographs are due to the skill of M. Kellerhoven, and we cannot say that they exceed our English works in execution. We are unable exactly to make out who is responsible for the reduced copies of the original frescoes and oil-pictures from which they were taken, and they are unequal both as drawings and as mechanical works. Besides the twenty coloured prints, there are thirty large woodcuts, executed with a boldness and decision which occasionally affects coarseness; but we are not sure that this is not a seasonable relief from the finicking xylography of some of our own artists. The series ranges from Cimabue to Canaletti, the Alpha and Omega of art, and we should have been as well pleased had it terminated with Paul Veronese. But we may well be thankful. The volume is a noble one, and, though recognising the merits of English typography, we must own that the sharp bright types of M. Didot are to our eyes more artistic than our own stout John Bullish letter; and the paper rivals vellum in stoutness and finish. Some drawbacks are to be expected in a work of this range and pretension; but, as far as we know, it is unequalled as to its general excellence. It forms a complete manual and reference book of Italian art; and the literary portion is much in advance of the flimsy bookmaking accompaniment which too often disfigures English collections of the same sort. We had nearly forgotten to praise the admirable vignettes and initial letters with which the volume is marked. The illuminated capitals, if we may so call blocks which have no colours, are of remarkable sharpness and delicacy.

From art we ascend to nature. Whatever the gorgeousness of Turner's landscapes, whatever the purity of Fra Angelico's colouring, yet what is it all to the harmonies and tints of bird and plant? Some years ago we might have said of bird and flower; but Mr. Shirley Hibberd's charming monograph of *New and Rare Beautiful-leaved Plants* (Bell and Daldy) reminds us that one of the greatest triumphs of modern plant culture has taught us the splendour of tropical and sub-tropical leafage, which bids fair to become as popular as that of beauty of flower. It seems astonishing that the colours of leaves should be, if we may so say, a recent discovery. The shape of leaf is no new thing; poets and painters have enlarged upon this beauty of a plant; but the colouring of foliage is almost a discovery. In patterns of veining, in decisive contrasts of stripe and blotch, in weird eccentricities of shape, in rich body of depth of hue and substance, what are all our silks and satins compared with nature's brocades and embroideries? What laws of subtle chemistry regulate these kaleidoscopes of red and green, what unknown influences of light directs their charming harmonies? The only drawback to this delightful subject is its awful terminology. What memory can compass a catalogue in which for household words we get such formidable favourites as *Dichorisanthra mosaica* and *Gymnostachyum Verschaffelti* and *Teleianthera ficoidea*? In charity, Mr. Hibberd should have told us, for example, whether *Coleus*, one of the commonest of these genera, is a dissyllable or a trisyllable, and what in the latter case is the quantity of the penultimate. We may as well mention that the king of these plants, where all are royal, is one which rejoices in the euphonious title of *Anectochilus setaceus*; it is an orchid, and looks like a cloth of gold fabric.

The *Art of Illumination*, by Henry Shaw (Bell and Daldy). This is a second edition of a manual too well known and esteemed to demand more than a renewed acknowledgment of its merits.

The *Sheepshanks Gallery* (Bell and Daldy). A pretty selection of some twenty autotypes from the best specimens of modern English artists at South Kensington, and chiefly valuable as aids to memory. The introduction on English oil-painting by Mr. Redgrave is well known, and the critical notices of the artists are above the average.

Sir George Harvey, the President of the Scottish Academy, is hardly so well known on this side of the Tweed as he deserves to be, partly perhaps because he addresses himself so thoroughly to national sympathies. Although he is emphatically the artist of the strictest sect of Scotch religion, he has general sympathies, and in a collection of photographs from his engraved pictures, *Harvey's Celebrated Paintings* (Bell and Daldy), we are glad to recognise his merits. The volume is likely to be popular; and whatever popularizes art in Scotland is to be welcomed. The Wilkie influence is very perceptible in Sir George Harvey.

Mountain, Loch, and Glen (Bell and Daldy) once more is a reduced copy of a work which appeared last year in most sumptuous form and size, and which we welcomed at the time.

Favourite Fables (Griffith and Farran). Remembering the queer "cuts" which used to illustrate the *Æsop*—that is to say, the Croxall—of our youth, we hail with great satisfaction Mr. Harrison Weir's vigorous and lifelike illustrations to this pretty volume. The character and intelligence which Mr. Weir puts into his beasts is delightful.

From the same publishers—the successors of Newberry, and who have catered for the young from Johnson's time—from Griffith and Farran, who still keep the old familiar Juvenile Library at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, we have to acknowledge—1, Miss Bethell's *Millicent and her Cousins*; 2, *John Deane of Nottingham*, by Mr. Kingston, a great favourite with

boys; and 3, *Rosamond Fane*, by the Misses Lee. The last two have an historical basis. And of the same class, that of useful and agreeable fiction, are *Lost* (Sampson Low), a moral tale by Mr. Atkinson; the *Wood Nymph* (Sampson Low), by Andersen, not adorned by some washy "Chromos."

Episodes of Fiction (Nimmo). This is a most dainty-looking volume, bright in white and gold, quite Louis Quatorze in look. We are not sure that the method of this selection is good; it is that of the old *Elegant Extracts*. But it has the merit of diversity, and sufficiently isolated and intelligible specimens of all the famous English novelists are brought together—Clarissa's Death Bed, Sterne's Maria, Beckford's Hall of Eblis from *Vathek*, &c. Some very fair woodcuts form the pictorial, and brief biographical memoirs of the various novelists give the literary illustrations. In either case there is sketchiness, but they answer the purpose; and the volume, merely as an introduction to English classical fiction, is to be commended. In the sketch of De Foe we did not notice any reference to the fact recently established, that the author of *Robinson Crusoe* turned spy and traitor to his party. Among Theodore Hook's works the *John Bull* newspaper is not mentioned. We cannot understand the inversion of chronological order which the editor has chosen to display in marshalling his selection of specimens; Aphra Behn (who has no business in decent company) coming after Mrs. Radcliffe, and Miss Mitford preceding Mrs. Inchbald.

The author—that is, the sketcher—of the *Voyage en Zigzag* is an artist of first-rate power, and possesses a sense of local humour, character, and absolute truth to a remarkable degree. Hitherto he—or she, we fancy—has been chiefly known as a traveller, and as almost equally good with either pen or pencil. In *Our Children's Story*, or rather *Stories* (Longmans and Co.), this charming writer has developed a new line, and gives us one of the pleasantest little books of the season. Fun without caricature, grace without affectation, and sweetness without sentimentality, are the characteristics of these little sketches, which at the same time exhibit power and versatility rare in any artist, almost unequalled by an amateur; and what we say of the drawing we say also of what the children call the reading.

We are not admirers of Bunyan—there, we have said it, and have counted the cost to our literary reputation; and we believe that, if they would but be honest, a vast many people who talk about the *Pilgrim's Progress* have, like ourselves, never read it through. We know enough of it to know that its theology is execrable and its allegory wearisome; enough also to be familiar with the points of the story—bright patches, we suspect, in a dreary waste. Mr. Claude Regnier Conder has published *Pictorial Scenes from the Pilgrim's Progress* (Hodder and Stoughton) of a somewhat ambitious character. They are effective, and are conceived in Doré's spirit. This artist has a sense of distance and space which is telling; and the landscape, though exaggerated and not very accurate, is better than the figures. The plates are printed in imitation of sepia drawings, with the whites and blacks heightened.

Our Nurse's Picture Book (Routledge). Good, broad, sensible, glaring full-page illustrations of the ever welcome nursery tales Jack and the Bean Stalk, the Babes in the Wood, Puss in Boots, and the like. By the way, why do we never see a reproduction of the Seven Champions of Christendom?

Womankind in Western Europe, by Mr. Thomas Wright (Groombridge). This is much more than a pretty illustrated book. It is a repertory of antiquarian literature on the costume, social habits, domestic pursuits, and position of the sex, and the illustrations are from all sorts of recondite sources—MSS. illuminations, and the Romances, Psalters, and Chronicles. It reflects great credit on the writer, whose vast stores of information and research have been in this instance well employed. The volume is quite an encyclopædia on a special subject.

Great Battles of the English Army (Routledge). A compilation of military matters extending from Crecy to Magdala. It bristles with arrows and lances, guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuss and thunder; and in the historical parts is based on the usual sources of information. The pictures are few, and might as well have been fewer.

The Prince of the House of David (Routledge), by the Rev. Dr. Ingraham, is rather an odd book, which only the writer's good intentions redeem from the suspicion of profanity. It professes to be a series of contemporaneous letters, written by a "lovely" Jewish maiden to her father, describing the events of the three years of the Saviour's ministry. If we could get over the grotesque notion of a Jewish girl of that age writing letters at all, and if we are content with the Scriptures sentimentalized and sweetened, there is nothing to find fault with in the volume. But it is not to our taste.

Dora and her Papa (Routledge), by Miss Meteyard. "Silverpen" is, we believe, this lady's pseudonym; she writes with grace and polish, and is, we hear, deservedly popular with her audience.

Christmas Eve with the Spirits (Bell and Co.) is an imitation of Mr. Dickens's Christmas Books—a model which, in more senses than one, had better not be imitated.

At length we have an *édition de luxe* of Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* (Bell and Daldy). We in 1870 can scarcely form a notion of what an event the success of the first American writer who achieved popularity in England must have been to the men of half a century ago. But the *Sketch Book*, though out of date, has the solid and abiding interest to us which the *Spectator* has. Irving's quiet, genial, and gentle humour will

always be appreciated. The illustrations here are woodcuts chiefly of local scenery; and the artists are almost without an exception new to us. But they may certainly be congratulated on their first appearance.

Many Happy Returns of the Day (Lockwood), by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, is a reprint of a "Boy's Own Book" well known to those whom it most concerns.

From Messrs. Nelson, prolific caterers of books of the combined type of serious and interesting, we have to acknowledge—1, an illustrated edition of Mr. Kingston's well-known books of travel, *Old Jack, A Voyage Round the World*, and *My First Voyage to the South Sea*; 2, *Claudia*, a religious tale; 3, *The Seven Churches of Asia*; 4, *Who were the First Weavers?* a monograph of the spider and the silkworm. 5, *The Household Treasury of English Song*, another repertory of English poems, not so ambitious in appearance as some of its rivals, but very complete, and ranging down to contemporaneous poets. 6, *Walter at the Seaside*, a very sufficient manual, which will interest boys in rocks, zoophytes, and sea anemones. For school purposes this volume deserves, as it will command, success.

Of Almanacks proper—we say nothing at present of the more pretentious class of Pocket-Books—we have to mention first and foremost, as the most wonderful shilling's-worth of the day—1, *Whitaker's Almanack*, in which it is only difficult to say what is not contained; 2, *Hannay and Dietrichsen's Almanack*, much as its many predecessors; and 3, our excellent old friend *Old Moore*. It is satisfactory to find that this veteran Vox Stellarum—i.e. Benjamin Wood, of Trinity Square, Southwark—still survives; and we are anxious to say a good word of our friend with an eye to ourselves. We do trust that in 1871 *Old Moore* will be good enough to remember our present congratulations, and to include us in the cloud of witnesses—the *Dispatch*, *Era*, *Observer*, *Reynolds*, and the *Sportsman*—which have favoured him with "extremely favourable" notices. We are grieved to the heart that one of our contemporaries has called our venerable friend "The British Fool." Far be it from us to say so, inasmuch as we should reserve the imputation of folly rather for the purchasers than for the producer of *Old Moore*.

P.S.—We are told, upon the best authority, that Mr. Marks's *Ridiculous Rhymes*, which we spoke of as a new book, were published several years ago, and that they inspired the clever *Ridicula Rediviva* by Mr. Rogers, issued last year by Messrs. Macmillan. The collections are both good; Mr. Marks must be credited with priority, Mr. Rogers, in our judgment, with superiority, in this agreeable field of nonsense.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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MOUNTED and ORNOLU SUITES for the WRITING TABLE. RODRIGUES' DESPATCH BOXES and TRAVELLING WRITING CASES, in Russia or Morocco of the best quality, Blotting Books, Envelope Cases, Inkstands, and Bookbinders.

CARTE DE VISITE PORTRAIT ALBUMS, of the best make, with Patent Leather Guards, in Morocco and Russia bindings, also in ornolu, walnut, and comorandel of new and elegant designs; and a choice Selection of elegant NOVELTIES for PRESENTS.

At HENRY RODRIGUES', 48 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS and CHURCH DECORATIONS.—HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, London. Prize Medal, London and Paris.

FILMER'S CONVERTIBLE OTTOMANS for Centre of Rooms, to form Two Settees and Two Easy Chairs, a great improvement on the ordinary Ottoman. Only of FILMER & SON, Upholsterers, 31 and 33 Berners Street, Oxford Street, W., Factory, 34 and 36 Charles Street.—An Illustrated Catalogue post free.

PARQUET SOLIDAIRES for FLOORING.

HOWARD'S PATENT, No. 1,548. The only kind guaranteed to stand.

25 and 27 BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, W., AND CLEVELAND WORKS.

NOTICE.—CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS in FURNITURE.

JOHN HENRY SMEE & COMPANY'S SPECIAL DESIGNS FOR THIS SEASON ARE REGISTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

And will be sent free by Post, upon application, addressed in full to

No. 29 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, MOORGATE TERMINUS.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, 1869. JOHN JOSEPH MECHI, assisted by his Son, has one of the

Largest Stocks in London of Articles expressly suited for CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR, WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLENARY PRESENTS, and at Prices suited to the requirements of all. It would be impossible to give a List of all the Articles submitted to view in his magnificent Show Room, 35 yards long, but a visit is respectfully solicited. The following are a few of the Articles:—Dressing Bags for Ladies and Gentlemen; Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen, with silver and plated mountings; Despatch Boxes, fitted and empty; Portable Writing Cases, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Work Baskets, Smelling Bottles, Book Slides, Flower Vases, Tea Caddies and Caddies, Jewel Boxes, Pocket Books, Portmonnaies, Albums, Reticle Bags, Envelope Cases, Blotting Papers, Inkstands, Cases of Scissors, Cases of Needles, Cases of Brushes, Cases of Razors, Glove Boxes, Handkerchief Boxes, Liquor Cases, Ornolu Articles, Drinking Flasks, Courier Bags, the New Sealskin Muff and Reticle Bag combined, Bagatelle and Miniature Billiard Tables, the Staunton and other Chessmen, Backgammon Boards, the celebrated Table Cutlery, Papier Maché Tea Trays and Walters, Warranted in Penknives and Scissors; Toothbrushes, 6d. and 9d.; the Magic Razor Strogs and Pastes.—Catalogues free on application.

No. 112 Regent Street, London, W.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, 1870.

CHRISTMAS SEASON, 1869. MAPPIN & WEBB request an EARLY INSPECTION of their large Stock of ELECTRO SILVER PLATE specially designed for this Season.

	Plain.	Ornamental.
Tea Spoons per doz.	1st. Qual. 25s.	2nd Qual. 18s.
Desert Spoons or Forks per doz.	" 30s.	" 27s.
Table Spoons or Forks per doz.	" 40s.	" 38s.

CELEBRATED TABLE CUTLERY. Best Quality only. Blades secured to HANDLES. Table Knives. Cheese Knives. Carvers.

3½-in. Balance White per doz.	13s.	12s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
4-in. Strong	20s.	18s. 6d.	7s. 6d.
4-in. Round Handles	32s.	18s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
4-in. White Silver Ferules	40s.	30s. 6d.	13s. 6d.

All Manufactured at MAPPIN & WEBB'S Winstley Street and Sheffield Factories.

Illustrated Catalogues post free.

WEST-END SHOW ROOMS, 75, 77, and 79 OXFORD STREET.

CITY WAREHOUSE, 71 AND 73 CORNHILL.

DENT, CHRONOMETER, WATCH, and CLOCK MAKERS to Her Majesty, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and H.M. the Emperor of Russia; and Makers of the Great Clock for the House of Parliament.

41 Strand, and 34 and 35 Royal Exchange, London.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		
Gold Lever Watches, from	16 10 0	Silver Lever Watches, from	5 5 0	
Gold Half Chronometers, winding with or without a Key, from	26 15 0	Silver Half Chronometers, winding with or without a Key, from	25 5 0	
Gold Hunting, Case extra.	5 5 0	Silver Half Chronometers in Hunting Cases, from	27 4 0	
Gold Geneva Watches, examined and guaranteed, from	7 7 0	Marine Chronometers, from	35 15 0	
Gold Chains, 16 and 18 Carat, from				24 4s.
Diamond and Lignum Vitae Chains, in Gold or Silver, Marbled, winding with or without a Watch				10 10 0

Drawing-room and Library Clocks in Ornolu, Marble, &c., winding with or without a Key, Dial, Bracket and Astronomical Clocks, of every Description. Turret Clocks made to order.

E. DENT & CO., 61 Strand, and 34 and 35 Royal Exchange, London.

BENSON'S KEYLESS WATCHES.

No Key being used, the Watch is kept free from Dust, and is perfectly Air-tight; they are especially adapted and recommended for the use of Invalids, the Nervous, and Travellers, and are sent safe by post to all parts of the World.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
GOLD	10 10 0	15 15 0	21 0 0	30 0 0	35 0 0 each.
SILVER	5 5 0	8 8 0	12 12 0	20 0 0	25 0 0 "

BENSON'S ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS upon Watches, Clocks, and Artistic Gold Jewellery, post free, 2d. each.

STEAM FACTORY—58 AND 60 LUDGATE HILL, AND 25 OLD BOND STREET, W.

FURNISH your HOUSE with the BEST ARTICLES; they are the Cheapest in the End.—DEANE & CO.'S New ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, with Priced FURNISHING LIST, gratis and post-free. This List is arranged to facilitate Purchasers the Selection of Goods, comprises Table Cutlery, Electro-Plate, Lamps, Baths, Stoves, Fenders, Fire-irons, Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Bedding; Copper, Tin, and Brass Goods; Culinary Utensils, Turnery, Brushes, Mats, &c. A Discount of 5 per cent. for Cash Payments of 25 and upwards.—DEANE & CO., 46 King William Street, London Bridge. A.B. 1780.

CUTLERY, Warranted.—The most varied Assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the World, all warranted, is on Sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at Prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the Sales.

	per Dozen.	per Pair.
3½-inch Ivory Handles	13 s. d.	10 s. d.
3½-inch fine Ivory Balance Handles	18 s. d.	14 s. d.
4-inch Ivory Balance Handles	21 s. d.	16 s. d.
4-inch fine Ivory Handles	28 s. d.	21 s. d.
4-inch finest African Ivory Handles	33 s. d.	27 s. d.
Ditto, with Silver Ferules	42 s. d.	35 s. d.
Ditto, with Silver Blades	46 s. d.	38 s. d.
Nickel Electro Silver Handles	23 s. d.	19 s. d.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, General Furnishing Ironmonger, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE containing upwards of 700 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock, with Lists of Prices and Plans of the 20 large Showrooms, post free.—29 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street, W.; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard. With the present RAILWAY FACILITIES the cost of delivering Goods to the most distant Parts of the United Kingdom is trifling. WILLIAM S. BURTON will always, when desired, undertake delivery at a small fixed rate.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

Branches—Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE & CO., and BANK OF ENGLAND.

BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.	
At 4 ditto ditto ditto ditto ditto	
At 3 ditto ditto ditto ditto ditto	

Exceptional Rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.

Bills issued as the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.

Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 and 17 PALL MALL, S.W.

INSTITUTED 1803.

CAPITAL, £1,600,000. PAID UP AND INVESTED, £700,000.

Insurances against Fire can be effected with this Company on every description of Property, at moderate rates of premium.

The recent abolition of the duty on Fire Insurance should induce Policy-holders and all intending Insurers to protect themselves fully from loss by Fire, which can now be done at a net annual cost of from 1s. 6d. per cent. upwards.

Septennial Policies charged only Six Years' Premium.

Prompt and liberal Settlement of Claims.

The usual Commission allowed on Foreign and Ship Insurances.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICE—1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCH OFFICE—16 PALL MALL, LONDON.

INSTITUTED 1820.

The outstanding Sums assured by this Company, with the Bonuses accrued thereon, amount to about £2,800,000, and the Assets, consisting entirely of Investments in First-class Securities, amount to upwards of £250,000.

The Assurance Reserve Fund alone is equal to more than nine times the Premium Income.

It will hence be seen that ample SECURITY is guaranteed to the Policy-holders. Attention is invited to the Prospectus of the Company, from which it will appear that all kinds of Assurances may be effected on the most moderate terms and most liberal conditions.

The Company also grants Annuities and Endowments.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Offices as above, and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary and Manager.

UNIVERSITY LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

25 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

Extension to Winchester, Eton, Harrow, and other Foundation Schools.

President—His Grace ARCHBISHOP CAMPBELL, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Directors.

Sir James Alderson, M.D.
 Henry Nugent Bankes, Esq.
 Francis Barlow, Esq.
 Sir Edward M. Butler, Bart, M.P.
 Lord Richard Cavendish.
 Sir Robert Charles Dallas, Bart.
 Francis H. Dickinson, Esq.
 Sir Francis H. Doyle, Bart.
 Robert Hook, Esq.

Amount of Capital originally subscribed, £200,000, on which has been paid up . . . £30,000

Amount accumulated from Premiums . . . 915,000

Annual Income . . . 85,500

Amount of Policies in Existence and Outstanding Additions, upwards of . . . 2,075,000

Addition to Policies nearly 2 per cent. per annum.

The Ninth Quinquennial Division of Profits, June, 1870.

CHARLES McCABE, Secretary.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION,

For FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES.

Incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1720.

OFFICES—7 ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., and 7 PALL MALL, S.W.

JAMES BLYTH, Esq., Governor.

EDWIN GOWER, Esq., Sub-Governor.

DAVID POWELL, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.

NATH. ALEXANDER, Esq.
 J. A. ARBUTHNOT, Esq.
 HARVEY BRAND, Esq.
 EDWARD BUDD, Esq.
 ALFRED D. CHAPMAN, Esq.
 MARK W. COLLET, Esq.
 Sir F. CURRIE, Bart.
 F. G. DALGETY, Esq.
 BONAMY DOBBIE, Esq.
 JOHN ENTWISLE, Esq.
 GEORGE L. M. GIBBS, Esq.
 ROBERT GILLESPIE, Esq.

HARRY GEO. GORDON, Esq.

A. C. GUTHRIE, Esq.

JOHN A. HANKEY, Esq.

LOUIS HUTH, Esq.

HENRY J. B. KENDALL, Esq.

CHARLES LYALL, Esq.

Capt. R. W. PELL, R.N.

WILLIAM RENNIE, Esq.

P. F. ROBERTSON, Esq.

ROBERT RYRIE, Esq.

LEWIS A. WALLACE, Esq.

WILLIAM B. WATSON, Esq.

The Share Capital of this Corporation is £200,000, of which One-half, or £100,000, has been paid up. The total Invested Funds on December 31, 1869, amounted to £2,500,000.
 A printed Abstract of the General Balance-Sheet, together with particulars of the Life Department, may be had on application at the Head Office. The following items relating to the Life Business have been extracted therefrom:

Policies in force for . . . £1,804,489

Annual Income from . . . £150,093

Interest . . . 54,360

213,453

£1,331,150

Accumulated Premiums . . . 213,453

The Fire Duty having been abolished, Fire Insurances are now effected without any charge beyond the Premium.

Marine Insurances can be effected at the Head Office, and at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Mauritius, Hong Kong, and Shanghai.

JOHN P. LAURENCE, Secretary.

ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1806.

15 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

Directors.

G. P. Bidder, Esq.
 J. G. Dodson, Esq., M.P.
 D. A. Freeman, Esq.
 G. A. Fuller, Esq.
 J. Goddard, Esq.
 R. Hudson, Esq., F.R.S.
 John Keir, Esq.
 S. Laurence, Esq.
 T. H. Longden, Esq.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. St. P. Lawrence, K.C.S.I., C.B.

C. F. Lucas, Esq.

F. D. Magens, Esq.

C. Rivaz, Esq.

W. B. Towse, Esq.

H. Tritton, Esq.

S. H. Twining, Esq.

The ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, which has been established upwards of Half a Century, has an Accumulated Fund of more than THREE MILLIONS STERLING, invested in Mortgages on Land, and other first-class Securities:

Via. on August 20, 1868 . . . £3,172,604 15 8

Sum Assured—inclusive of Bonus Additions—at that date . . . 5,280,730 2 11

Estimated Liability thereon (Northampton Table of Mortality, 3 per cent. Interest) . . . 1,481,369 0 4

That is less than one-half the Fund invested.

Total Amount of Bonus Additions made to Policies . . . 2,805,050 19 9

Amount of Profits divided for the Seven Years ending 20th August, 1868 . . . 532,369 7 8

Annual Income . . . 314,967 14 3

Total Claims paid—inclusive of Bonus Additions . . . 6,037,044 7 7

Copies of the Annual Reports and Balance Sheets, as well as of the Periodical Valuation Accounts, Tables of Rates, and every information, to be obtained on application.

JOHN RAYDEN, Actuary.

H. W. PORTER, Sub-Actuary.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

EDINBURGH—29 ST. ANDREW SQUARE.

LONDON—59 LOMBARD STREET.

The TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT AND BALANCE-SHEET may be obtained at any of the Company's Offices.
 The Company provides for its Obligations according to the well-known "Carlisle Tables of Mortality," reckoning on Interest at Three per Cent. (although the average rate realized is 4 per cent.), and valuing only the "Pure" or "Net" Premiums.

The Balance-Sheet shows the following Assets:

Consols, &c. (Market Value, £70,000)	£55,467 8 8
Loans on Land	319,215 17 5
Debt on own Policies within their present value	15,389 14 11
Ditto other Securities	12,560 7 9
Premises in Edinburgh, London, &c.	9,962 8 5
In Bank, awaiting Investment, and Cash	31,309 10 4
Premiums due at May 15, 1869, since received	14,250 11 2
Invested Funds	£476,515 18 8

The Company's Assets consist further of the present value of the future Net Premiums, which at May 1869 was £297,415 7s. 12d., and the value of Re-assurance Policies held from other Offices, £70,525 16s. 6d.

These Assets are far more than equivalent to the Company's obligations. The Paid-up Capital and Reserve afford in themselves the security to the Assured of an excess of actual funds beyond the present value of the obligations, equal to 20 per cent. of that value.

The Company's funds have never been diminished by loss through investments. It has no Agencies out of the United Kingdom.

Large Bonus Additions have been made to the Policies from time to time. The last (in 1869) was at the rate of 1 10s. per cent. per Annum.

The new Life Policies of the last Three Years have amounted to £918,000.

JOHN M. MCANDLISH, Manager.

WM. PORTEOUS, Secretary in London.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

Has just published A NEW PROSPECTUS, specially suited to the Present Time.

This Prospectus specifies the Documents necessary to enable any one to form a satisfactory judgment regarding the Financial Condition and General Merits of a Life Assurance Association, and contains—

1. The Last Valuation Balance-Sheet of Assets and Liabilities, with List of the Securities in which the Funds are invested.
2. A detailed Abstract of the Valuation of the Society's Assets and Liabilities under its Policies, in which the mode of valuation of each Policy is made as well known to Actuaries and skilled persons as it is to the Society's Officers themselves.
3. A Table of Surrender Values, repayable under discontinued Policies of all durations.
4. A Table of Bonuses, added to Policies of all durations.

THE SOCIETY'S RESOURCES ARE

A Realised Fund, exceeding	£5,000,000
An Annual Revenue, exceeding	600,000

BY SUCH UNRESERVED DISCLOSURE

as the new Prospectus contains, the great evils inseparable from secrecy and partial publication can alone be guarded against; and in view of probable legislation to compel publicity regarding the financial condition of all Life Assurance Offices, this new Prospectus is respectfully submitted to the consideration of all concerned.

Copies of the new Prospectus may be had, or will be sent post free, on application.

SAMUEL RALEIGH, Manager.

J. J. P. ANDERSON, Secretary.

HEAD OFFICE: 9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH (Nov. 1869).

LONDON OFFICE: 4 ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, CORNHILL.

Honorary Board of Directors.

George Young, Esq., Mark Lane.
 Charles Edward Pollock, Esq., Q.C.
 John Murray, Esq., Publisher, Albemarle Street.
 Samuel Laing, Esq., Chairman London and Brighton Railway.
 James Anderson, Esq., Q.C., Lincoln's Inn.
 The Rev. Alfred Fowah, M.A., St. David's Rectory, Hart Street.
 Joseph J. Welch, Esq., (Messrs. Welch, Margeson, & Co.).
 Captain William Pigott, Trinity House.
 Michael Wills, Esq., Lloyd's.
 William George Anderson, Esq., Somerset House.

Chief Agent—Hugh McKean, 4 Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.

West-End: Andrew Thomson, 49 Pall Mall.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY.

1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

The Oldest Insurance Office in existence. Founded and still conducted on the Mutual System.

Large Returns made to Members in each Department.

The whole of the Profits are divided annually among the Members of Five Years' standing and upwards—there being no Shareholders.

The rate of abatement of Premium thereby given for the current year on Life Policies is 60 per cent. for the Old Series, and 50 per cent. for the New Series.

The rate of return on Septennial Fire Policies (charged at 1s. 6d. per cent.) is 66 per cent. The Directors are willing to appoint as Agents persons of good position and character.

December 31, 1868.

Claims paid on Life Policies to date . . . £738,092

Returned in Abatement of Premiums ditto . . . 555,544

ASSETS.

Accumulated Fund . . . £1,352,174

Present Value of Life Premiums . . . 1,271,369

LIABILITIES.

Present Value of Sums Insured (£2,166,596) . . . £1,542,361

Present Value of Life Annuities (£8,737 per annum) . . . 65,235

Further details as to the Assets and Liabilities of the Office may be had on application to the Secretary.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Fleet Street, London.

Established 1823.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE SOCIETY ON THE 1st OF JANUARY, 1869.

Subscribed Capital (£500,000 uncalled) . . . £1,000,000

Invested Assets . . . 5,425,000

(Being equal to 55 per cent. of gross amount assured, including Bonuses declared, and 19 times the Annual Premium Income.)

Annual Income—

From Premiums . . . £292,125 1

From Interest on Investments . . . 227,300 4

500,000

Gross amount assured by Policies, including Bonuses declared . . . 9,833,000

Amount of last Bonus appropriated (for the Five years ending on December 31, 1864) . . . 504,413

Total amount of Bonuses hitherto appropriated . . . 4,164,147

Total Claims paid from the commencement of the Society—

Sums assured . . . £1,112,534 1

Bonuses . . . 1,801,365 5

7,914,299

Expenses of Management (inclusive of Commissions), 4 per cent. on the Annual Income.

Assurances are granted upon the Lives of Persons in every station of life for Sums not exceeding £10,000, with or without Participation in Profits.

Prospectuses, Statements of Accounts, Forms of Proposal, &c., may be obtained on application, personally or by letter, to the Actuary, at the Office in London.

GRIFFITH DAVIES, Actuary.

DIVIDENDS 5 and 10 to 20 PER CENT.

For Safe and Profitable Investments

Read SHARP'S INVESTMENT CIRCULAR (post free).

The DECEMBER Number ready.

CAPITALISTS, SHAREHOLDERS, INVESTORS, TRUSTEES, will find the above Investment Circular a safe, valuable, and reliable Guide.

Messrs. SHARP & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 34 Poultry, London, E.C. (Established 1822.)

PAINLESS and PRACTICAL DENTISTRY, by Mr. B. L. MOSELEY, the Dentist, "by Special Appointment," 312 Regent Street, exactly opposite the Polytechnic. Established 1820.

The System of Painless Dentistry originated by B. L. MOSELEY, and now recognised by the Medical Faculty and the Profession as one of the improvements of the Age, can nowhere be obtained in such perfected success as at his only Residence, 312 Regent Street. Advantages are: Perfect immunity from Pain—no Operations—Stumps and Decayed Teeth rendered useful—Loose Teeth and Tender Gums protected. Qualities: They never change Colour or Decay—In Fixing—Exact and Comfort unsurpassed—Detection impossible—the Facial Anatomy faithfully studied and Youthful appearance restored—Mastication and Articulation guaranteed. The "Times" of March 6 says: "So good an imitation becomes the next best thing to the original." Teeth, from 5s. to 5s. 6d. to 30 Guineas. Consultation free.—Only address, 312 Regent Street, exactly facing the Royal Polytechnic.

HEAL & SON, Tottenham Court Road, W.—The only House in London exclusively for the FURNISHING of BEDROOMS.

IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS.

HEAL & SON have on Show 130 PATTERNS of IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS, ready fixed for inspection in their Show Rooms, and their Stock consists of 2,000 Bedsteads, so that they can supply Orders at the shortest notice.
136, 137, 138 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

HEAL & SON'S EIDER-DOWN QUILTS, from 23s. to 135s., Goose-down Quilts, from 11s. to 64s. List of Prices and Sizes sent free by post on application to **HEAL & SON**, 136, 137, 138 Tottenham Court Road, W.

HEAL & SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing 300 Illustrations, with Prices of BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, and BEDROOM FURNITURE, sent free by post.
136, 137, 138 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

THE TEA ESTABLISHMENT, 4 and 5 King William Street, City.—This Establishment will be CLOSED every Evening at SEVEN o'clock, instead of Eight as heretofore.
RIDGWAY & CO.'S TEAS and COFFEES continue to maintain the superiority of quality at their respective prices which first brought them into notice in the year 1836.
List of Prices sent post free on application.
RIDGWAY & CO., the Tea Establishment, 4 and 5 King William Street, City.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—Grateful and Comforting.
The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in Packets, labelled J. EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London.

MESSRS. H. B. FEARON & SON, Wine and Spirit Merchants, have REMOVED from their old Premises at 94 Holborn Hill, where they have carried on Business for upwards of Seventy years, to NEW and EXTENSIVE PREMISES at the Western end of the HOLBORN VIADUCT. Every kind of Wine, Spirit, and Liqueur in Stock. Price Lists sent on application. MESSRS. FEARON'S West-End House remains at 10 New Bond Street.

LA ANDALUZA, Sociedad de Almacenistas, Puerto de Santa Maria, Cadix Bay. Spanish Wines exclusively.—For Duty-paid Price List, address **JOSÉ FIDELIA**, 121 Fenchurch Street, E.C. Sample One Dozen Cases, 25s. and 54s. cash.

ALLSOPP'S PALE and BURTON ALES.—The above ALES are now being supplied in the finest condition, in Bottles and in Casks, by **FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD, & CO.**, at their New London Bridge Works, London Bridge, S.E.

PURE CLARETS.—T. O. LAZENBY,
90, 91 Wigmore Street, London, W. Wine Merchant.
No. 1.—Family Claret (Vin Ordinaire) 12s.
" 2.—Dinner Claret (Sound full Bordeaux) 24s.
" 3.—Desert Claret (Fine flavoured Bordeaux) 36s.

E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, and CONDIMENTS.—E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the celebrated Receipts, and Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments, so long and favourably distinguished by their Name, are compelled to CAUTION the Public against the inferior Preparations which are put up and labelled in close imitation of their Goods, with a view to mislead the Public.—9 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square (late 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square), and 1s Trinity Street, London, S.E.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—Caution.—The Admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle, prepared by **E. LAZENBY & SON**, bears the Label used so many years, signed "Elizabeth Lazenby."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.
AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION, 1869, FIRST PRIZE; being above the Gold Medal. Supplied to the British, French, Prussian, Russian, Italian, Dutch, and other Governments; One Pint of fine flavoured BEEF-TEA at 24d. Most convenient and economical. "Stuck."
CAUTION.—Only sort warranted genuine by the Inventor, Baron **LIEBIG**, whose Signature is on every genuine Jar.
Ask for "Liebig Company's Extract," and not for Liebig's Extract of Meat.

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